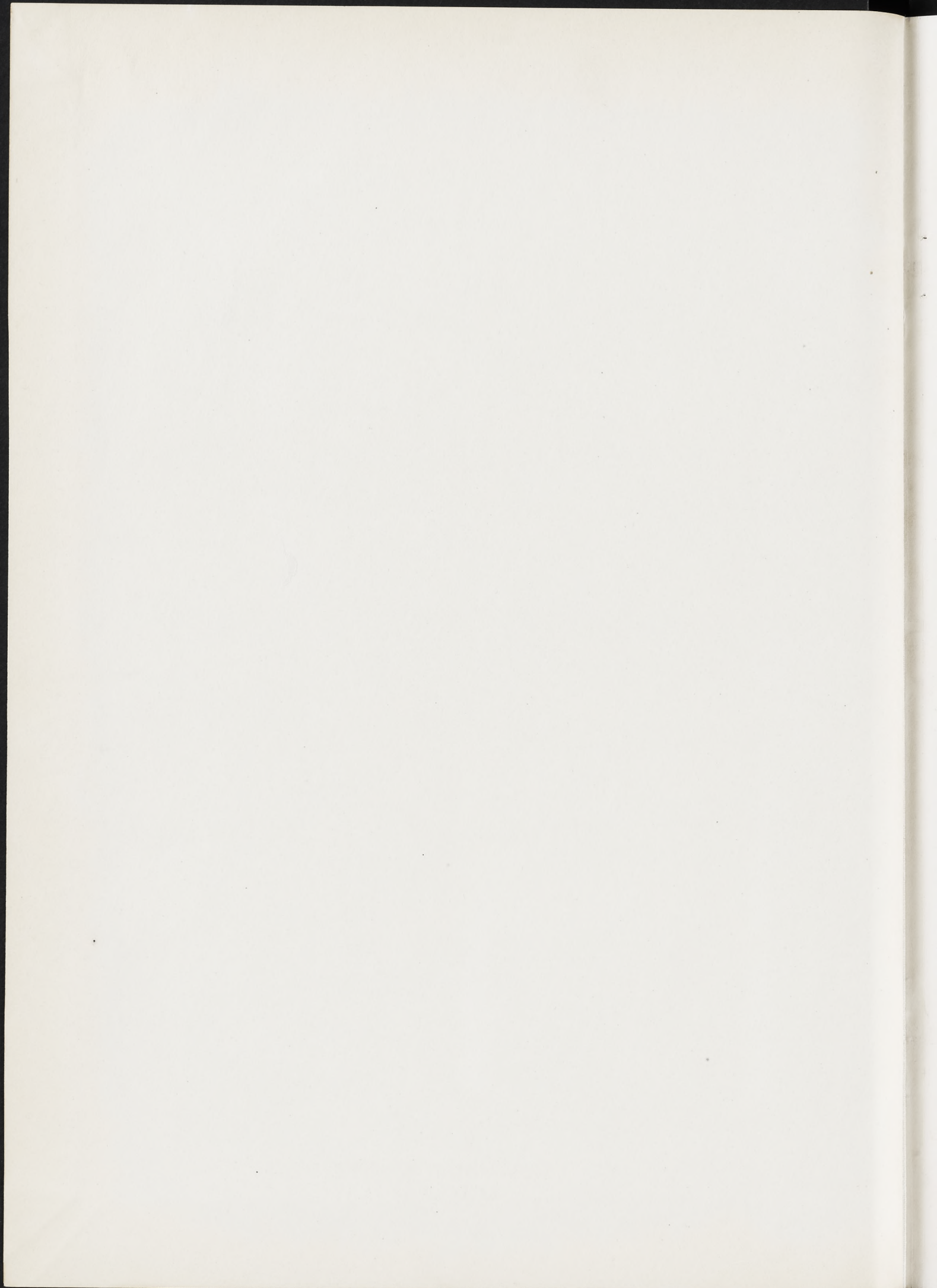


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PURPLE AND WHITE

The M. U. H. S.
"Purple and White"



—Published Annually by—

The Pupils of the
Madera Union High School

MADERA, CALIFORNIA



1915

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MADERA, CAL.

PURPLE AND WHITE



MADERA UNION HIGH SCHOOL

—To the Members of the—

F a c u l t y

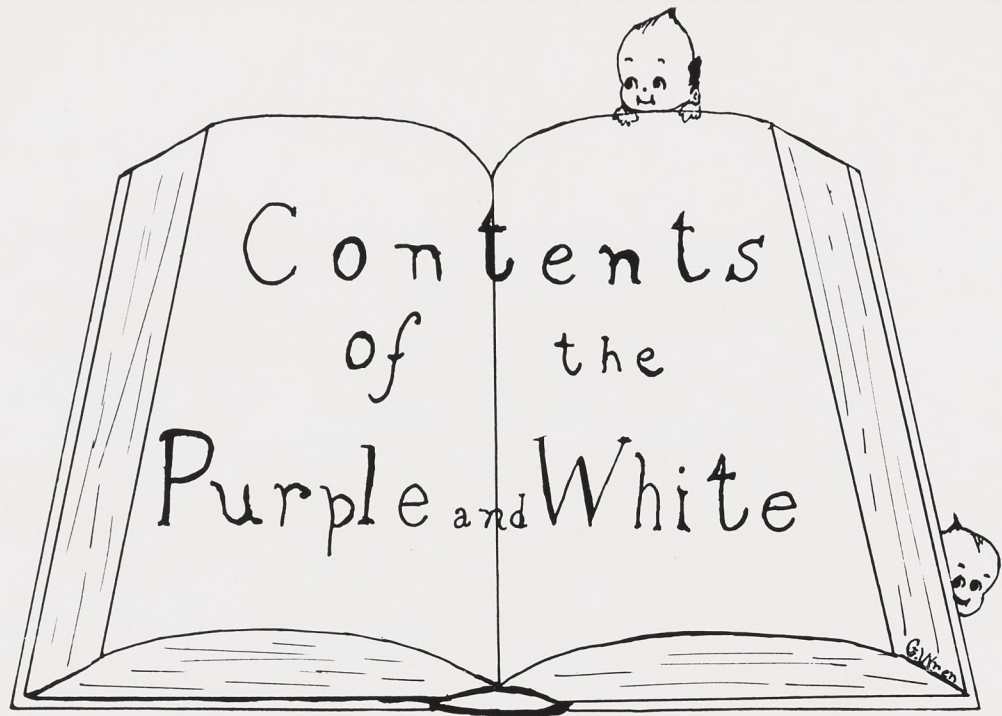
....of the....

Madera Union High School

IN APPRECIATION OF THEIR
INFINITE PATIENCE IN OUR
BEHALF, WE DEDICATE THIS
ISSUE OF THE : : : :

Purple and White

PURPLE AND WHITE



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PURPLE AND WHITE



Francis O. Mower

Mary Crowell Burch

Eva M. Reeve

Maria Burwell Anderson

PURPLE AND WHITE



Lewis W. Harvey
John T. Wasley

Pauline Pickett

George G. Kahl
Hazel Katherine Clark

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SENIORS



Class Roll

Florence Marie Floto

Naomi Grace Latham

Effie Mae Raburn

Nellie Lucille Ring

Rosa Elizabeth Scheffing

Frieda Marie Kegel

Hague L. Maloyan

Charles A. Moore

Matthew Conley

Pauline Marie Stahl

Marguerite Morrison Murray

CLASS MOTTO—

LAUNCHED, BUT NOT ANCHORED

CLASS FLOWER—

SHASTA DAISY

CLASS COLORS—

GOLD AND WHITE

PURPLE AND WHITE



NELLIE LUCILLE RING—

"A perfect woman nobly planned,
to warn, to comfort, and com-
mand."

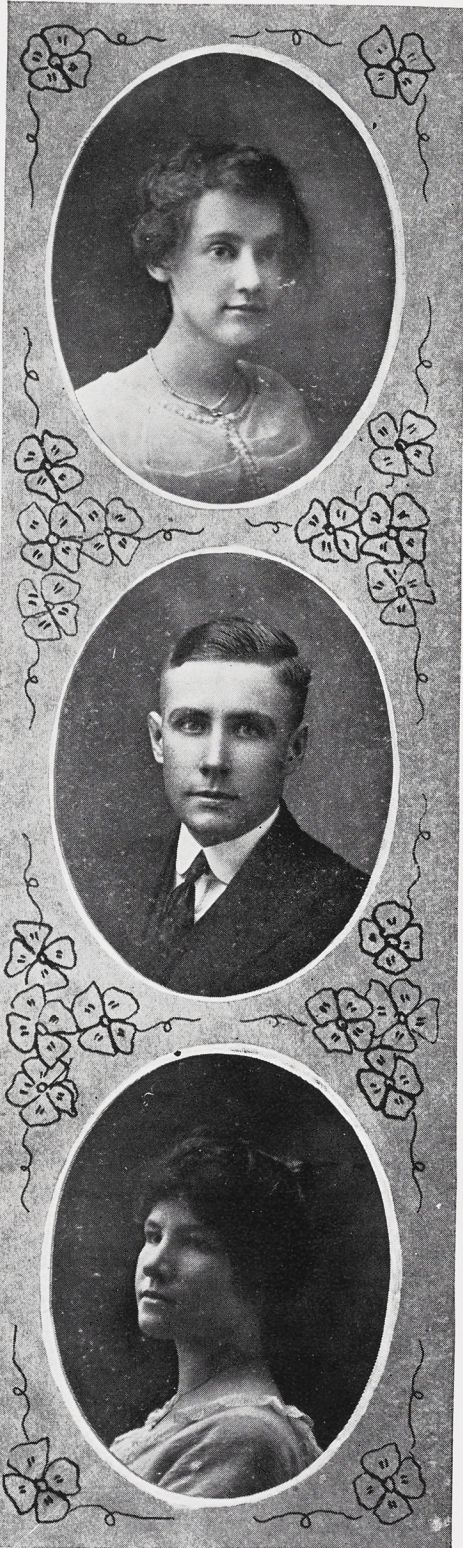
EFFIE MAE RABURN—

"Impulsive, earnest, prompt to
act."

ROSA ELIZABETH SCHEFFING—

Perseverance gains its meed,
And petinence wins the race."

PURPLE AND WHITE



MARGUERITE M. MURRAY—

“——— And her silver voice
“Is the rich music of a summer
bird.”

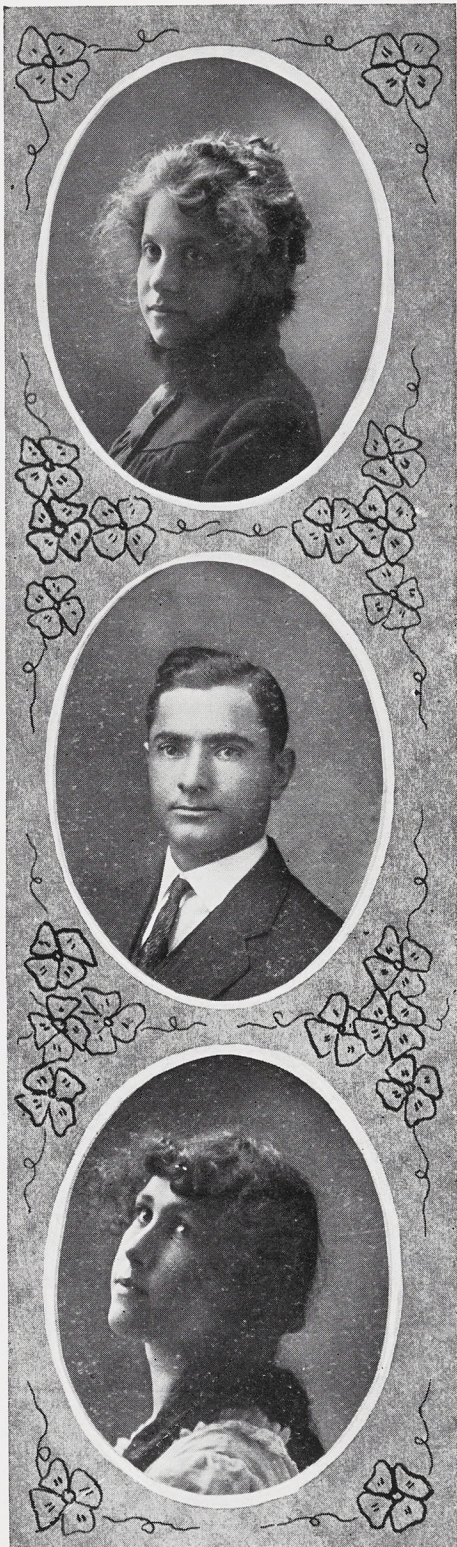
MATTHEW CONLEY—

“Was any youth in studies well
approved,
Then him the master cherished,
taught, and loved.”

NAOMI GRACE LATHAM—

“Of mystic beauty, dreamy
‘Grace,’
No rounded art the lack sup-
plies,”

PURPLE AND WHITE



FLORENCE MARIE FLOTO—

"Thou canst not speak of that
thou dost not feel."

HAGUE L. MALOYAN—

"Deeds I shall do of daring and
prowess."

PAULINE MARIE STAHL—

"And sikerly she was of grete
disport,
And ful pleasant, and amiable of
port,"

PURPLE AND WHITE



FRIEDA MARIE KEGEL—

"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, low; an excellent thing in
a woman."

CHARLES A. MOORE—

"He owns the fatal gift of eyes."

Class History

GRACE LATHAM, '15

The banquet hall of new M. H. S. was ablaze with lights. The long tables were masses of gold and white. The high school girls flitted noiselessly to and fro, as they served their guests of the evening. From her place at the head of the table, the Alumni President, Miss Frieda Kegel, arose and addressed the guests in her quiet manner.

"Fellow Alumni—you have come from all parts of the state and nation to attend this reunion of those who owe their start in life to our dear old High School. This banquet is the celebration of the twentieth anniversary of the graduation of the class of 1915. Tonight we are receiving a class into our ranks which has chosen the colors and the flower of the class of 1915 and that is why, fellow class-mates, you see these tables decked with the dear old Shasta Daisy. I am going to call on Judge Conley to tell us about the school life of the class of 1915."

Amid deafening applause, the Judge arose to the full dignity of his six feet two.

"Alumni and fellow class mates, I am thinking of a banquet twenty years ago, a banquet which was also decorated in gold and white, when eleven eager young children were received into our midst. They had just finished four happy years, and I think I may say that the memory of those years is still sweet to them. The term of our school life was divided into two periods B. M. & A. M. (Before and after Mower) In the second year B. M. which the world at large knows as 1911, we were as green a bunch of first year pupils as ever entered the doors of M. H. S. Of course they never called us first year pupils, but I have been taught not to use the name by which we were addressed.

Those first days were hard days, and as I glanced over this audience, I wonder that some of the guilty members of the classes of 1914, 1913, 1912 do not shrink under the table at every shame when they think of the tortures which they inflicted upon us. We were taught due respect for our elders, particularly those of the Sophomore class, and no occasion of bringing before our eyes our own insignificance was lost by our would be benefactors.

But in spite of these torments they gave us a fine reception. We were afraid to go, but at the last moment our curiosity got the better of our fear, and we gathered up courage enough to enter the H. S. building. We expected to be greeted by Seniors, Juniors, and Sophomores, but great was our surprise when we were met by a merry band of Freshmen; Freshmen who indeed looked like our tormentors of the week before, but short skirts and trousers gave proof positive that they were only Freshmen.

We were given a most courteous reception. Each trembling Freshman was escorted out upon the platform and introduced to the company by a man with a megaphone. The banquet was designed so as not to disturb our infant digestions; it consisted of candy, cookies and milk. I call upon you to imagine our quiet class mate Mr. Charles Moore, of course I mean Mr. Charles Moore Sr. not Mr. C. Moore Jr., seated upon a stool sucking candy. It was truly prophetic of the future to see the noted Temperance worker, she

PURPLE AND WHITE

who was Miss Murray, supping milk out of a glass while she watched out of the corner of her eye to see that no Sophomore pulled her pig tail. Those were good times, and they passed only too quickly, but we were glad to find ourselves Sophomores at the beginning of 1912 which was year 1 B. M. for we had prepared to take revenge upon the class of 1916, for all injuries which class 1914 had inflicted upon us. There are many of them here tonight, and from the expression on their faces, I think they will bear me witness that we did so.

The first year A. M. seventeen of us returned to H. S. We found that we not only had a new principal but two new departments, domestic science and manual training. These classes were held in an old wooden building which we called the Annex and which some had attended when it was a Grammar School. Many and wonderful were the pieces of furniture which we boys made, and we still use and cherish some of them. The girls also made beautiful dresses, but I do not know if they still use and cherish them. The things which they cooked were fully appreciated by those of us who were lucky enough to get a taste; for as Mr. Mower always said:

"We can live without friends,
We can live without books,
But show me the man
Who can live without cooks."

But this joyful year ended in sadness for we found that among the many new practices which Mr. Mower introduced there was one called final examinations. We took them with fear and trembling; only eleven survived.

Then came the second year A. M. a year the like of which has never been seen from the foundation of the world. I can not tell you how great was our dignity, and how we felt ourselves weighted down by our many cares and responsibilities. We gave banquets, we debated, and, after much pain and effort on the part of the faculty, we were at last taught that which is the foundation of all knowledge, to know that we knew nothing.

It is 20 years ago since we stood upon the platform and delivered our theses in which we explained the riddles of past and solved the problems of future, and as the twenty years have past, we have learned more and more to appreciate the value of all that we learned within these walls and to cherish an ever tenderer memory of the four years we spent in Madera High School.



CLASS PROPHECY—Pauline Stahl.

MADERA DAILY MERCURY

VOL. XXX

JUNE 20, 1935

NO. 12

**LADY DONCHERNOUGH
VISITS MADERA****Arrived Last Evening—Scion of English Nobility to Attend Local Hi School**

Lady Grace Donchernough, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Latham, arrived last night in her private car. Lady Grace, whom many will remember as the beautiful and accomplished Miss Grace Latham, is accompanied by her fourteen year old son, Sir Percival, who is to attend the local High School during the coming term.

Lord Donchernough wishes his son to imbibe some of the American Democratic spirit; he also believes that Sir Percival's residence in America will assist him in the study of the American language, to which he has been devoting much time during the past year.

Lady Grace is also accompanied by her social secretary, Miss Marguerite Murray. Many people will remember that Miss Murray is an old resident of Madera. It is also interesting to note that Lady Grace Donchernough and Miss Marguerite Murray are graduates of the same High School Class.

Lady Grace, her son, and Miss Murray have been touring America in their private car for the last six months. Lady Grace says, "The United States has some of the most beautiful scenery I have ever seen during my travels, or ever hope to see, and I have enjoyed my tour through the United States, better than I have ever enjoyed anything else in my life."

Lady Grace expects her husband, Lord Donchernough, about the last of August. He will be unable to ar-

rive sooner on account of Parliament, he being the leader of the prohibition party.

After putting their son in school, Lord and Lady Donchernough will return to the city to spend the winter. They will leave their son in the care of Miss Marguerite Murray, and next summer they will again resume their travels.

DANSANT A GREAT SUCCESS**Given in Honor of Lady Grace Donchernough By Mrs. B. Retrop.**

Last evening Madera's Four Hundred gathered together at the new auditorium at the Dansant given in honor of Lady Grace Donchernough by Mrs. B. Retrop, formerly Miss Florence Floto, and an old school-mate of Lady Grace.

The auditorium was decorated in festoons of white and yellow roses. The lights were covered with pink, casting a rosy glow over all and giving a fairylike effect.

Lady Donchernough was attired in a most exquisite gown of deep pink velvet, made in a Turkish fashion, which is being worn almost exclusively this winter. The gown of the hostess was of yellow and white lace. It was designed by Madame Frieda Kegel, considered the finest costumer of the Pacific Coast.

The orchestra was the finest to be obtained in the state. It was placed behind a wall of yellow and white roses, making it seem as if the music came from the flowers. The guests were also favored with a duet, by Principal Maloyan and Miss Marguerite Murray, who were among the guests.

The people of Madera consider this the greatest social success of the season.

HIGH SCHOOL BOYS GROW INK

**High School Boys' Agricultural Club
Holds Meeting—Farm Adviser
Charles Moore Present—Inter-
esting Experiments Tried**

A meeting of the High School Boys Agricultural Club was held this morning in the auditorium. Farm Adviser, Mr. Charles Moore, was present and gave a very interesting talk on the introduction of the ink plant in California. In fact, the boys became so enthusiastic, that they wished to try to make it grow in Madera on the High School grounds, in order to reduce the expense of the school for ink. The boys firmly believe this will work and are now searching for a plant the leaves of which will serve as a blotter.

The successful work which the boys have been doing under the guidance of Mr. Chas. Moore, has attracted a great deal of attention, throughout the state, especially that done in grafting. One of the latest experiments that has been tried is the grafting of the umbrella tree and the peach tree, in hopes that the the embrella would protect the young peaches from the late rains. The boys found this to be a great success and all the farmers of the state are following their lead.

LIBRARY NOTES

The Madera County Library wishes to give the people of Madera a list of the new books that have been just received. The Librarian, Miss Lucille Ring, considers these books the best that the library has ever had and she also hopes that the people of Madera will take advantage of having the following books at their command:

"Freda"—K. Hinkson.

"Charles" and His Lamb—M. Saunders.

"Effie's" Birthday Present—M. D. Brian.

"Peg" of My Heart—Hartley Manners.

"Matthew" the Scape Grace—A. Francis.

"Rose" in Bloom—L. M. Alcott.

"Grace" Holbrook—I. M. Alden.

"Lucille"—Ellen Meredith.

"Florence" Gardner Sings—J. H. Milbank.

"Pauline" Wyman—R. S. Clark.

"Hague" the Permanent Court of Arbitration—J. Foster.

Beauty Talks—"Effie Mae Raburn"

Exegesis of the Gospel of "Matthew"—Rev. Sutton.

Rory O' "Moore"—

"Marguerite's" Heritage—S. E. Downs.

"Grace's" Plebe Year at High School—J. G. Flower.

"Charles" O'malley's Aunt—H. Williams.

Librarian,
MISS LUCILLE RING.

BIG ENTERTAINMENT AT HOWARD SCHOOL DIS- TRICT, FRIDAY EVENING

**Conducted by Miss Rosa Scheffing—
Splendid Programme**

Miss Rosa Scheffing, teacher of the Howard School District, wishes to announce, that there will be an entertainment at her school, next Friday evening May 21, 1935.

The following programme, which the children are to render, is considered an excellent one:

O Bring Back My Bonnie to Me
Fourth and Fifth Grades

My Dolly (Recitation)

May Winters

See the Little Donkey (Song)
Third Grade

Dialogue

Willie Smith and Johnie Jones

Guess What I've Got (Recitation)

Grace Simpkins

Smarty (Song)

Flossie Brown

Little Drops of Water (Recitation)

Matthew Mooney

Don't Cry Little Girl, Don't Cry

Lucy Thomas

Up, Up in the Sky, the Little Birds
Fly

First Grade

Johnny Jones and His Sister Sue
(Recitation)

Eugah White

Old King Cole (Farce)

Sixth, Seventh, and Eighth Grades

Although the entertainment is given especially for the parents of the teachers of the pupils, a cordial invitation is extended to all others to come.

Refreshments will be served after the programme, following which will be a little informal dance.

NEWS OF THE MOVIES

BILLY PHENIX at the movies Friday and Saturday nights. Billy Phenix, alias (Matthew Conley,) is considered the finest motion picture actor of the world. He has won two prizes for being the most popular of all motion picture stars. Billy Phenix plays in his masterpiece, "The Hero." Friday and Saturday nights, which is also a talking movie. Besides being the finest motion picture actor in the world, Billy is also a composer of popular music. During the picture he will sing his most popular song, "The Girl With The Green, Green Eyes."

Don't fail to see this picture. It is the greatest hit of the season.

A free autograph will also be given to the first fifty ladies that enter.

EXAMINER VISITS MADERA HIGH SCHOOL

**Declares Military Discipline Splendid
Which Principal Maloyan Has
Established**

The Examiner of the University visited the Madera Union High School today. He says, "The discipline of the Madera High School is

far superior to that of any other high school in the state, although it is rather strict, being fashioned on the military discipline." He compliments Principal Maloyan on the excellence of his school. However a number of the parents are displeased with the form of discipline, for their children are kept so quiet at school, it takes them fully an hour to regain their power of speech upon returning home.

The Madera High School is one of the most up-to-date schools in the San Joaquin valley, because it has such an extensive course of study. This year the school has been fortunate enough to have a swimming instructor, and, although he is seriously handicapped by the absence of a pool, he assures us that his pupils will be able to swim immediately upon entering the water.

Taking everything into consideration the high school is in excellent condition.

DORMITORY OF YOUNG LADIES SEMINARY COMPLETED

**Mrs. Ephraim Ra Mayburn, Who
Was Miss Effie Raburn, the
Founder of the School, Says
it Will be Ready to
Open Next Fall**

The last building of Glen Ellen, the young ladies' seminary, was just completed today. This is the last of eleven buildings, and is considered by a majority of the people the most beautiful, although the others are classed among the finest of the state.

Mrs. Ephraim Ra Mayburn, the founder of the school, says, "It will be entirely completed by fall, and will be ready to be opened for the coming term."

The grounds of Glen Ellen are considered to be the most beautiful in the state. It is thought that the beauty of the grounds will attract

many pupils from all parts of the state and nation.

The feature course of the school is the "Enhancement of Beauty." This plan was originated by Mrs. Mayburn and has found a great success, as the young ladies all flock to the schools in order that they may receive the benefit of this course alone. Mrs. Mayburn has also recently written a book, called "Beauty Talks," which is at present in the public library and it is thought that she will soon publish another, entitled, "The Beautiful Girl."

Every girl should read these two books, which she will find not only instructive but also exceedingly well written.

FRAULEIN STAHL A GREAT BENEFACTOR TO WOMANKIND

Has Discovered Hair Curling Tonic

Fraulein Stahl, the great chemist, has recently discovered a great hair curling tonic. It has been greeted with great enthusiasm by the women from all over the world, and is becoming more and more widely known. The beauty of the tonic is that, while it makes the hair curly, it does not change the color. One does not have to go very far to find this evidence. Miss Marguerite Murray says, "Since I have used Fraulein Stahl's Hair Tonic, I have had most beautiful curly hair."

Madera is proud of having one of

COMING! COMING! COMING!

Billy Phenix

(Matthew Conley)

—in—

"THE HERO"

ADMISSION - - - 50c

her graduates become such an eminent chemist, as the foundation of Fraulein Stahl's knowledge was received in the local high school.

Fraulein Stahl is at present working on a tonic which will take the curl out of hair, so that men will be able to use this, instead of water which they now use for this purpose.

*Madame
Frieda Kegelle*
Designer and Costumer



BEST SERVICE
and
BEST WORK

MADERA CAL.

Class Will

We, the Senior Class of 1915, being of sound and disposing mind, and being only partially under the influence of Faculty, do hereby make this our last will and testament:

To the Juniors, we leave our Physics Laboratory, consisting of one large room and the accompanying apparatus.

To the Sophomores, we leave our knowledge.

To the Freshmen, we leave our dignity, to be used whenever the opportunity presents itself.

As individuals, we bequeath as follows:

I, Effie Raburn, do hereby leave my sarcasm to Mr. Mower.

I, Grace Latham, do leave my marvelous knowledge of Physics to any Junior who will accept it.

I, Lucille Ring, do leave to the incoming President of the M. U. H. S. my book entitled "How to keep order in the Student Body."

I, Matthew Conley, do leave to Cornelius Laymen my singing ability.

I, Pauline Stahl, do leave my telephone number to a certain Junior.

I, Hague Maloyan, do leave the Debating Club my favorite song, "You made me what I am today, I hope you're satisfied."

I, Frieda Kegel, do leave my utter composure of manner to Stanley Ford.

I, Charles Moore, do leave my giggles to Sally Allen in the hope that she may control them better than I have.

I, Florence Floto, do leave my good intentions to the Freshman class to be divided among them according to their needs.

I, Peggy Murray, do leave to Grace Phillips, my famed gift of gab.

I, Rosa Scheffing, do hereby leave my smile to Geo. Kahl.



HOROSCOPE

NAME	APPEARANCE	NICKNAME	LIKES	NOTED FOR	HIGHEST IDEAL	DESTINY	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	OTHER REMARKS
ROSA SCHEFFING	Apologetic	Rosie	Everybody	Smiles	Farmer's Wife	Same	"Good Night"	Likes her teacher
CHAS. MOORE	Wicked	Pesky	To make trouble	Good Looks	Has none	Ford Agent	I couldn't get much out of that	Should be kept home at night
LUCILLE RING	Reliable	Luke	To tease	Staying out Late	Librarian	Soda-jerker	"But-my dear."	Is out for a good time
MARGUERITE MURRAY	Pious	Peggy	To argue	Those eyes	Salvation Army	Movie actress	"Doncha Know"	Is a bad actor
EFFIE RABURN	Aesthetic	Rusty	To be the boss	The wearing of the green	Ella Wheeler Wilcox	To write Key-sone Comedies	"You poor Ethiopian"	Somewhat sarcastic
HAGUE MALOYAN	Tragic	Hagie	History	Bluffing Ability	Orator	School Teacher	"I didn't have time to do it"	Is soft on the girls
FLORENCE FLOTO	Vivacious	Elessie	Boys	A childishness	To live in the city	Chemist	"Well, by golly, kid."	May improve with age
GRACE LATHAM	Soulful	Graceful	Clyde	Gossiping	Pres. W. C. T. U.	Reno	"I know it but I can't say it"	Should be spanked more
FRIEDA KEGEL	Demure	Fluffy	To fight	Backing out at the last minute	Auto Racer	Marry a Millionaire	"My Goodness"	Has a bad temper
PAULINE STAHL	Wise	Fraulein	Somebody	Crying	Mills	Philosopher	I'll tell you how it goes	Likes to flirt
M. CONLEY	Innocent	Judge	The Girls	Information	Architect	Stockton	That lesson was fierce	Should be a detective

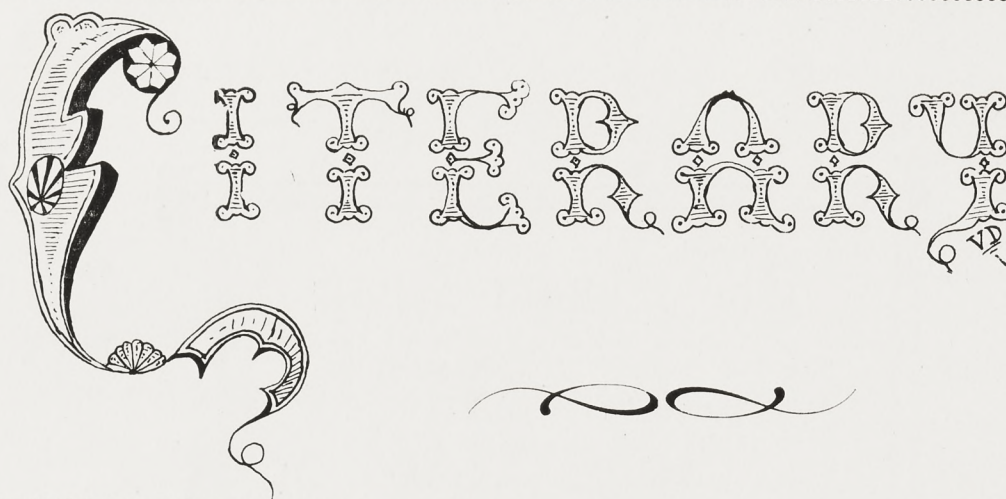


The Shasta Daisy

Hail! Shasta Daisy with petals of white,
How thy rare beauties unfold,
Let to the world thy sweet meaning be told,
Emblem of truth and the right:
Ever we watch thy majestic form wave
Proudly when cool Zephyrs blow,
Thinking that for us alone thou didst grow,
Candid, undaunted, and brave.

Candid thou art and as pure as the snow,
Candid we'll ever remain;
Dauntless thou art in the sunshine and rain,
So will we be 'gainst life's foe:
Brave are thy colors and brave we will be,
Staunchly, though tried, we'll press on,
Though storms may rage on life's perilous sea
Strive will we till break of dawn.





The King's Jester

LOUISE MEILIKE, '17

"The King! The King! Make way for the king!" At the cry the gorgeously dressed company of nobles stepped backward, leaving an open aisle to the throne; a moment later the tapestries at one end of the room parted and Richard III. entered. A breathless silence ensued, a silence of apprehension. The king glanced carelessly over the brilliant assemblage, not ill-pleased with the result of his entrance, a cynical half smile playing about his features. Suddenly his wandering gaze was attracted by a figure standing alone at one end of the room, a figure on whose costume glowed a single red rose, the symbol of the power that had almost won from him the throne of England. Amid the intense silence he walked slowly toward the stranger, who saluted, then knelt before Richard and respectfully kissed his hand. Richard greeted him courteously, masking his hatred behind his courtly manner.

"Thou art welcome," he said, "If thou comest as Henry, Earl of Lanchaster, and a loyal supporter of Richard III."

"I come as Henry, Earl of Lanchaster, and a loyal supporter of your Majesty, Sire," came the quick reply.

"Tis well," said Richard courteously, "Come, let us converse of other matters. Hast thou seen my new greyhound which came from the continent?" Thus, arm in arm, the two sauntered out of the court room.

No sooner had they disappeared from view, however, than tongues were quickly loosened, and many were the speculations voiced by the fair ladies and their attendant knights, as to the purpose of the Earl's visit. Only one person in all that excited assemblage kept his own counsel, and that was the court jester, who lolled easily in the window seat, regarding the brilliantly attired scandal mongers, in moody silence.

"What, Sir Fool, hast nothing to say?" cried a merry voice at his elbow.

The Jester turned quickly, "Ah, Jacqueline, ist thou? What wouldst now?"

"I would thy thoughts, Fool," came the laughing reply, "thou gazest so moodily into space. Come, wiseacre, break thy silence and let's hear thy opinion of this matter. Is not the Earl a handsome gentleman, forsooth?"

"Aye, he is handsome, Jacqueline. He looks a king, with his stately majestic bearing and, e'en so, he has a winning smile. Me thinks I shall like him exceedingly well. Aye, he looks a king," thoughtfully, "more so than our Richard."

"Thou likest not Richard then?" came the quick question.

"Hush! not so loud; the very windows have ears. But I tell thee what, Jacqueline, our Richard is too cruel and harsh."

The girl gazed before her with wide open eyes, "Dost think the Earl means peace, Fool?"

The Jester shook his head. "Thou canst not make me believe that the Earl has come here to arrange for peace. For sooth, Jacqueline, he has as good a claim to the throne of England as Richard has, he has more men than Richard, and they are far better fighters—that has been shown by the battle of Towtonfield where they would easily have defeated Richard's forces, had it not been for the fact that his majesty's troops used gunpowder, while the Earl had none; had the Earl the secret formula for compounding this gunpowder, he would even now be King of England and Richard an exile! Nay, the Earl means not peace; that is but a pretense; he has some deeper purpose in thus coming to Richard.

"And I'll warrant thou will be the first to help him e'er the chance comest, eh, Fool?"

The Fool shook his head, "I like not Richard over much. But seest thou breathest this to none, Jacqueline," in sudden alarm, "else my head shall hang from the gibbet ere morning."

"Thou are my friend, Sir Fool, my tongue knoweth discretion," came the grave reply, and before the Jester could make answer the girl was moving away.

Soon the Jester, tired of the noisy courtroom, rose also and walked slowly out into the gardens. As he neared a little summer house he heard voices within. "'Tis Volair and his fair maid," thought the Fool, "They have been so busy cooing that they have not heard of the arrival of the Earl. I shalt tell them the news."

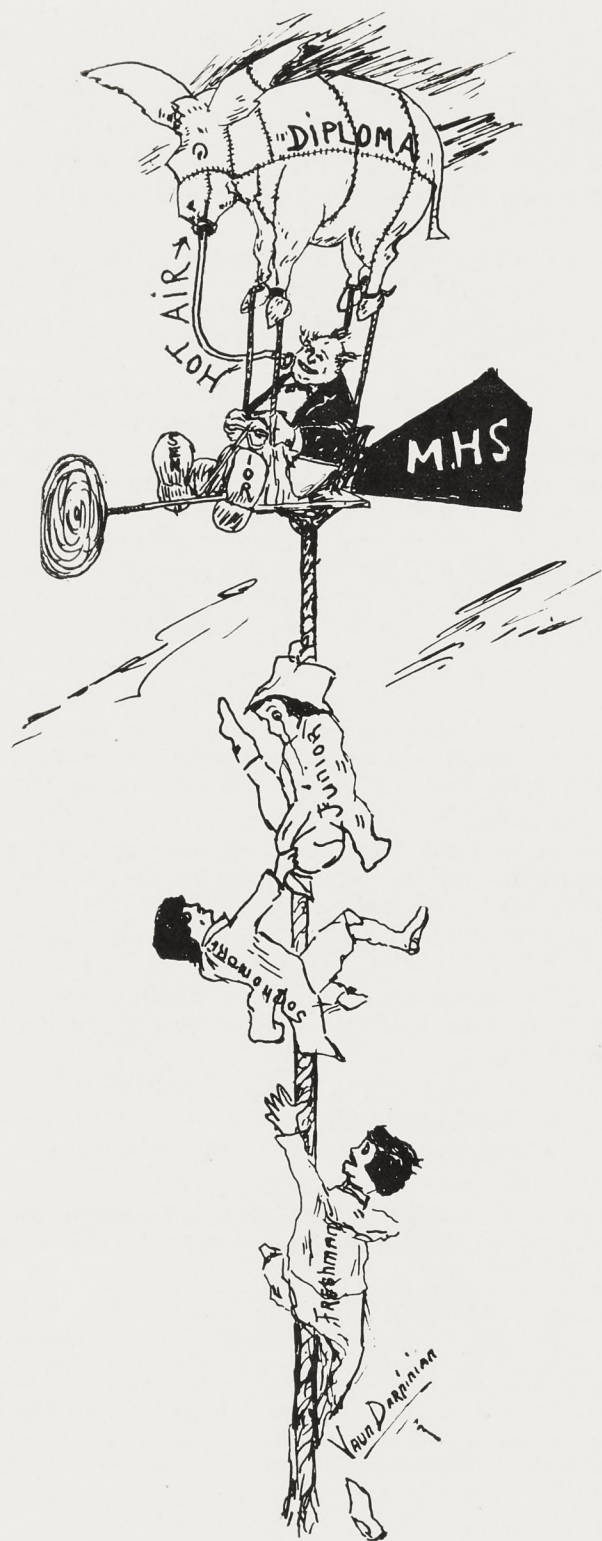
So he sauntered forward and thrusting open the door, entered. "What Love Birds! hast not heard the news?" The words died on the Jester's lips, for before him stood, not Volair and his fair maid, but Richard and the Earl of Lanchester.

The King's face was red with anger, "Thou fool," he thundered, "I'll have thee hung for this! but no," in sudden contempt, "Thou art but a fool thou canst do me no harm and are not worth e'en the trouble of hanging. But go thy way and seest thou comest not near me again."

The Fool turned and with white face and clenched hands left the arbor. Quickly he crossed into the rose garden and sat down beside a fountain—hurt and rebellious in mood. "Thou art a fool!—not e'en worth the trouble of a hanging! A fool!—not worth a hanging!" The words thundered again and again through his angry senses—"a fool!—not worth a hanging even."

The Jester groaned, "Bah, I can not stand it! I will not! Who is

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he that he should speak thus to me? Because he is a King, is he any the better than I? A fool—not worth a hanging—a fool!”

A light hand touched the Jester on his shoulder. He started, then rose quickly, for before him, stood the Earl of Lanchester.

“Thou hast a sullen expression, Fool, I thot that thou wert a Jester,”

“Yea, I am a Jester, but I am also a man,” and the Fool raised his head proudly.

The Earl looked at him keenly, “Thou art a man,” he answered soberly, “but Richard does not treat thee as such.”

“Nay, he treats me as the dirt beneath his feet. I am not e’en worth the trouble of a hanging.”

“Thou heardest what he said. What if I am but a Jester and he a King, does it make me less a man?” The Fool stopped abruptly; he had, for the moment forgotten himself.

The Earl answered slowly, “Yea, the king is unjust, but, for all that, he is your king,” and he shot a quick glance at the Fool to note the effect of his remark.

The Jester turned passionately, “Would to Heaven he were not! Would to Heaven he were an exile in a foreign land, serving a harsh master as I am!”

“Then thou wert not always a Jester, a Fool?” asked the Earl in surprise.

The Jester raised his head proudly, “Nay, I was the Duke of Neupberg, but that was before Charles conquered Austria and exiled me for rebellion. But see what I am now! A Jester! A Fool! To this have I sunk!”

The Earl’s eyes lighted. “Thou,” he exclaimed, “The Duke of Neupberg! Forsooth and I think I can help you, my friend, if I may call you such. Thou knowest that I am the rightful heir to the throne of England and that for these three years have been seeking to take it from Richard, dost not? Now, if I can gain the throne, thou shalt have thy dukedom. The Emperor Charles will not refuse so small a boon to the King of all England.

The Jester turned as a man who sees hope, yet dares not believe. “Speakest thou truly? speakest thou truly?” and he grasped the Earl by the arm in this sudden hope.

“Forsooth and I do, my friend. Thou shalt have thy dukedom e’er as I have my kingdom. But knowest thou how I may defeat Richard?”

“Yea,” answered the Jester eagerly. “All thou needst is the secret formula for the gunpowder.”

“Thou art right and ’tis to obtain this formula I came to Richard on the pretext of peace and endured the humiliation of this visit. Thou art Richard’s favorite jester, I take it?”

The Fool nodded, “When I anger him not.”

“Thou knowest where he keeps this formula?”

“Aye, though ’twas only by accident I discovered it. ’Twas one afternoon when the king had sent for me and, as I stood without the door of his bed chamber, I saw him put a roll of parchment in a tiny cupboard most cleverly contrived in the wall. When he heard my step, he snapped the door shut and locked it.”

“And the lock is in plain view?”

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"Nay, a picture hangs over it."

"And the key?"

"Is on a chain around the king's neck," came the reply.

"Thinkst thou canst get it?"

The Fool hesitated, "The King is angry with me. Thou heardest him command me not to come into his sight again. I dare not go near his apartment now."

The Earl considered, "First then, you must be restored to the king's good graces. Hast any idea how this may be accomplished?"

The Jester shook his head, "Not unless, Fate intervenes. Tonight, thou knowest, there is to be a great feast in thy honor. Thou hast met the Archbishop of Canterbury, Sir Wiley, hast not? Forsooth, but the king hateth that man for he will not do Richard's command in any matter and Richard dare not punish him for fear of the pope. If I can, in any way, ridicule this man or make him the laughing stock of the court, the king will forget all. 'Tis my only chance."

The Earl nodded, "'Tis well; do your best and if I find any way to aid you, I will do my best. But the hour grows late and Richard awaits me; he will be wondering at my long delay," and he grasped the Fool's hand in a warm clasp for a moment, then vanished in the fast gathering dusk.

Richard was noted over the entire continent for his princely entertainments in honor of visiting nobles, but none ever approached the splendor of that given in honor of the Earl of Lanchester. The Court of Gaety was the scene of the feast and had been decorated especially for the event by the greatest artists of Europe. Long ropes of flowers had been entwined about the columns and their soft petals kept drifting downward until all the brilliant assemblage beneath were adorned with their fragrant leaves. Under the arcades, the fountains splashed and tinkled merrily, for Jollity reigned supreme.

At the foot of the King's table, in his usual seat, sat the Jester, and next to him was the archbishop of Canterbury, who was very fond of making sport of the Fool and soon began his favorite form of amusement.

"Heigho, Sir Fool, what is this I hear of thee? Didst call the King and the Earl 'love birds'?"

"Forsooth, that I did," said the Fool.

"Thinkest the King will hang thee?"

"Nay, he wishes not to deprive thee of thy favorite sport."

The bishop rubbed his hand complacently, "Ho, then, thou thinkest the king desires my friendship, Fool?"

"Aye, that he does."

"And pray tell me, why does Richard desire not my enemy?"

"Because he feareth an angry Gossip," said the Jester, knowing well that the bishop's love of Gossip was a joke to the court and a sore spot to the bishop. A titter ran around the table and the bishop flushed angrily. "I like to sit next to an impudent fool," he remarked.

"But I do not mind doing so," retorted the Jester. The titter swelled into a laugh in which the king joined right heartily and the Jester, knowing he was now restored to Richard's good graces, relaxed his efforts and bothered the bishop no more.

T'was after midnight ere the company parted and the Earl paused for a moment beside the Jester, "'Twas right cleverly done, my friend," said he, "meet me tomorrow at dawn in the rose garden and we will plan further."

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Then he turned quickly and hastened to rejoin the King who had apparently not noticed his remarks to the Fool.

At early dawn the next morning the Jester hurried forth to the rose garden where he found the Earl already awaiting him. "Thou keepest tryst well," remarked the Fool, "I thought thou wouldst be abed after the night's merriment."

The Earl shook his head, "When a man playeth for the stakes I do, friend, he soon learneth to keep tryst well. But hast any plan formulated for the capture of the key to the secret cupboard, wherein Richard keeps the formula?"

The Jester nodded eagerly, "Yea, I have thought of a plan by which we may obtain not only the key but also the formula at the same moment."

"Heigho!" exclaimed, the Earl, "Verily thou art right clever. But come, what is thy plan?"

The Jester leaned forward, "Thou knowest Richard is very superstitious, dost not, and keeps the court magician purposely to warn him of all dangers? Now my plan is this—I will ask this magician to tell Richard that there is a great danger threatening him and this danger can only be averted by allowing me, the court Jester, to keep watch over his door for three successive nights. I can then, of course, easily procure the key and the formula while he is sleeping."

The Earl considered for a moment, "Thinkest Richard will agree to the plan?"

"Forsooth he will," came the quick reply, "why one night he e'en arose at the stroke of twelve and played a game of chess with the Lord Chancellor, because the magician said that was the only way to ward off an evil omen that predicted dire events in the near future."

"But will not the magician tell Richard of your duplicity?"

"Nay, that he will not, for I once helped him out of difficulty when Richard had propounded a question he could not answer. Had I not done so he would have been hanged."

The Earl nodded his head in satisfaction, "The plan is certainly feasible my friends. Wilt carry it out tonight?"

"Aye," said the Jester, "that I must before I fall under displeasure of the King again; for, if the king is angry with me, the magician would fear to propose such a thing, as Richard would be greatly displeased and might even punish him."

"Thou, said the Earl, "I must arrange for our escape after you obtain the formula. Three of my most trusted followers are in hiding in a hut several leagues from here. I will send them word to procure two horses for us and have them here at the stroke of twelve tonight. Then we will ride immediately to Kenwick Forest where my army is in winter quarters. You will not fail me, my friend?"

"Nay," said the Fool, "I will not fail you."

With this last assurance the Earl was satisfied and he turned and hurried toward the astrologer, who was only too glad to help him and agreed to all his plans.

The king was greatly alarmed when the magician told him of the danger and only when he heard the conditions which would avert it did he breathe freely again. Consequently, as soon as dusk fell, the Fool was summoned to the King's apartments and told to remain there for the night. The

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Jester was greatly pleased that all his plans should work out so perfectly and he sat by the king's bedside thoughtfully contemplating the Earl's chances for victory should he get the secret formula.

The clock chimed the hour of nine—ten—eleven—half-past eleven—quarter to twelve—twelve. At the last stroke of twelve the Jester arose softly and tip-toed to the king's bedside. Richard lay calmly sleeping so, taking out a tiny pincer, the Fool quickly cut the chain and slipped off the key. The King stirred restlessly.—the Jester held his breath—would he awake?—but no, he was still sleeping on. Then, softly as a cat, the Jester tread over the thick carpet to the wall where the picture hung.

Taking it down, he felt in the darkness and, finding the lock, fitted the key in. The door swung silently open and he reached in and grasped the roll of parchment. His heart beat quickly—here was delivery if only he could get it safely to the Earl. Hastily he secreted it among his clothes and then, after locking the door and rehanging the picture, he thrust the key into his pocket, hoping thus to delay pursuit for a little while at least, while the king had the door pryed open. At the door of the room he paused for a moment, but was silent, then crept quietly down the stairs and out of the palace. Unchallenged he passed the limits of the grounds and reached the meeting place.

The Earl was already there with the horses and as he saw the Jester he sprang eagerly forward "hast the formula?"

"Aye," came the answer, "safe and sound. Here it is," and he handed the precious roll to the impatient Earl.

"Come, we must mount and away, the King may discover my absence at any moment."

"Here is thy horse," and the Earl pulled forward a powerful black steed.

"Ready"—"Forward," and a moment later the two were galloping down the dark road to Kemwick Forest.

They reached the Earl's army safely, after a two days' journey, and their first move was to take out the precious roll of parchment for the Earl was eager to learn wherein lay the cause of his men's failure in their efforts to compound the gunpowder.

"Canst read it," asked the Jester eagerly as he watched the Earl gaze in puzzled amazement at the formula.

The Earl shook his head silently and handed it to the Fool, who looked at it in utter stupefaction.

"What!" he exclaimed in alarm, "is this not the formula? Have all our labors been in vain?"

"Nay", said the Earl, "it is the formula but it is written in some code, see how the figures are repeated."

The Jester gazed at the roll of parchment thoughtfully, "Where had he seen the letters before? "Why, I have it," he cried suddenly, "tis written in Greek, see?"

The Earl's face lighted, "Thou art right clever, my friend, canst read it? I know not Greek."

"Of a certainty I can, here I will write it in the English letters for you," and quickly the Jester jotted down the formula in English. The Earl read it, then nodded.

"Ah, here is the mistake my men made when they attempted to compound it. They put in no niter. I tell thee what, we shall win this war now

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and I shall be King of England and thou, not only Duke of Neupberg, but also thou shalt possess the highest title of nobility it is in my power to give thee for without thee I should never have gotten this, formula. Come, we must start at once and have the men make this, I wish to have a quantity on hand before I fight Richard."

But with all their haste it was four months before the Earl thought the amount of gunpowder sufficient and all ready for the attack on Richard, who, meanwhile, had been collecting a huge army, and even then was hot on the trail of the Earl.

The two armies met on Boswick field and a terrible battle ensued. Time and again it seemed as though the Earl would be forced to retreat, but time and again he rallied his troops and started them fighting with renewed vigor. Closer and closer the two armies came and soon a hand to hand fight was begun.

Suddenly the Jester who was fighting beside the Earl turned—"See, there is Richard," and he pointed to a figure mounted upon a huge black horse. The Earl's eyes flashed, his jaw set grimly, and galloping forward, he approached Richard, intending to strike a death blow. But Richard had seen him coming. Closer and closer came the Earl, then suddenly his spear darted forward and Richard quickly evaded it and struck the Earl on the arm. Furious, the Earl threw his spear again, with reckless force and struck the King a mortal blow. Richard attempted to fight longer, but, weak from the loss of blood, fell backward over his horse. His forces seeing their leader dead, lost heart and surrendered.

Then the Earl, wishing to make his victory complete, commanded that the Archbishop of Canterbury be brought to the field and, taking the crown from the head of the dead king, put it upon his own head and ordered the terrified Archbishop to proclaim him King Henry III of England. This done he turned to the Jester who stood nearby and made him Earl of Lonshire.

It was late that evening, and the Jester had wandered from his tent into the clear night. He walked slowly over the battlefield and presently came to the body of Richard, where for a moment, he stood silent gazing at the once powerful king, with something of awe and wonder in his face at the all-power of Fate. He, once the court fool of this monarch, he whom Richard had declared not even worth a hanging, he had been the means of his final downfall. He, the once court jester, was again a powerful noble, and this man, once a great king, was now but dust.



The Gold Buddha

MARIE DROMIE, '17

John Allesin, a very wealthy lawyer of New York, had just entered his luxurious office, when the telephone bell jangled nervously and he took down the receiver.

"Hello.- Yes.- What?- No!—I'll be right down.- Good-bye."

Miss Simpson, coming in with the morning mail, stopped and stared at the broad back of Mr. Allesin as he slammed the office door and rang for the elevator which he had just vacated. The fact that the dignified quiet old lawyer was almost running in his excitement, was more than she could trust herself to believe.

Once outside, Mr. Allesin climbed into his waiting car and ordered his surprised chauffeur to drive to the bank. Mr. Allesin's excitement seemed contagious for George, usually so careful, recklessly exceeded all speed limits.

Soon they arrived at the bank and Mr. Allesin hurried in, puffing with suppressed excitement. He was immediately shown into the president's richly furnished office and greeted affably by that person.

"And so you didn't open it, John?"

"No, I'm positive I didn't, for I haven't been here since yesterday at noon and it certainly would have been noticed before this morning if I had."

"That's right. Probably we had better go over the contents and see if anything is missing, so we can notify the detective."

They went out and inspected the papers in the safe deposit box which had been opened the night before. None of the papers nor any of the jewels had been harmed, but a small sitting statue in the shape of Buddha was not in its accustomed place.

Mr. Allesin's excitement was at its highest now.

"Just as I thought", he said, "why couldn't the thief have left that at least? Notify the detective at once. I will have that piece of gold back."

When he arrived again at his office and found his son awaiting him, he was so nervous that he could scarcely stand. Frank was nonplussed. It was so unusual to see his quiet easy-going father, excited to the point of nervousness, that he was entirely at sea as to what was the matter.

His father noted his look of amazement and said brokenly, "The gold Buddha is gone."

"Gold Buddha! Gone! What do you mean? Sir! What gold Buddha?"

"Why don't you remember that statuette that came by mail about six weeks ago?" He seemed surprised that Frank should not remember the event, important as it seemed to himself.

"O, yes, I remember now. Why that wasn't valuable, was it? I don't consider that much to get so everlastingly excited over."

"You don't. O, Boy, that was one of my most valuable possessions. And to think that it should be torn from me in this manner so soon after I had received it." he ended sadly.

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"Where did you get it, sir, and why is it so important?" asked Frank, who thought that the telling of his story might relieve his father's mind.

"It was in the isolated, mountain, mining districts of Japan, in 1892, that Merle Judson and myself 'struck it rich'. There was so much work to be done in our prosperous little camp, that we hired twenty Chinamen to help out.

"One day, while washing a pan of gold, one of them found a queerly shaped nugget about three inches long and two wide. As soon as he had taken a good look at it, he dropped it with a scream of terror and ran for his hat.

"His actions excited the curiosity of the others and they too, as soon as they had seen the figure, ran away terrified.

"Judson and I came to see the cause of the excitement and found the nugget to be an almost perfectly carved statuette of a sitting Buddha. While we were examining it, we were watched almost with horror, by the Chinese.

"It developed later, when Judson tried to give it to the Chinese who had found it that they were all afraid of anything relating to the religion of Buddha. Moreover, they said that there was a charm attached to it; if any one held it for a slight length of time it would cast a spell over them which they would be powerless to resist. Although many of their fellow countrymen were as firm believers in Buddha, everyone of them left that evening for Tokio and nothing could persuade them to return.

"When Judson and I were alone, that statuette, which I almost believe is supernatural, began its cursed work. First things began to go wrong at the camp and then Judson and I quarreled over who should keep the nugget. We both wanted it and neither was willing that the other should have it.

"We finally parted in a rage, with Judson keeping the nugget. He went to Australia and began work in the gold fields and I came to New York and studied law.

"I heard nothing of Judson for years, probably twenty, and then I received a letter from him, asking me for money. He was in Louisiana on a sugar plantation and was horribly poor and almost dead with malaria. He had crossed the Pacific in a steerage and was working for a mere pittance on this plantation, absolutely friendless and homeless.

"Mentally, I contrasted his condition in life with my own. Everything seemed to my advantage; I had wealth, health, friends and a good home. I could almost pity him, when the spell of the Buddha would come over me and harden my heart against him. He had the Buddha, that was sufficient.

"Two weeks later, I heard of his death. He died of malaria and left nothing. In a couple of days I read of his grave being opened. Nothing in it seemed harmed, however. On that same day I received the Gold Buddha wrapped in a dirty paper and addressed in a cramped hand.

"The Louisiana authorities made little search for the vandals, because Judson had been a pauper and there was no hope of money nor any relatives to urge them on.

"I was very much surprised to receive the statuette and felt sure that it had been in Judson's grave, but was too unwilling to give it up, to report my

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gain to the proper officials. I put it in the safe deposit box and saw that it was safe.

"Since I have had the Buddha, my luck has been bad; all my investments have turned out poorly and I have unaccountably refused many chances of making quick, easy money. I lay all the blame to the Gold Buddha but I wouldn't part with it for any fortune. And now it is gone."

* * * * *

Jimmy, the crook, slipped quietly out of the bank building and stood quietly in a huge black shadow until the policeman was past. Then he glided softly down the street. He clung to the dark shadows fearing to step into the bright moonlight which flooded the deserted streets of the city.

Finally, he left the main part of the city and gradually worked his way to the lowest dens of the Chinese settlement. This was a squalid tenement building, reeking with filth and swarming with sweating, toiling masses of Chinese humanity.

Into one of the most horrible of the opium dens, Jimmy worked his way. There he gave a sign to one of the men and passed through a door into a room where religious meetings were held. The ugly, wrinkled old priest sat before a Buddhist statue constantly mumbling and moaning.

Several Chinese were in the rear of the room kowtowing and monotonously chanting. Jimmy quickly crossed the room, took a box out of his pocket, and held out his empty right hand.

The priest understood. Reaching into a recess under the statue he took out several bills and gave them to Jimmy who immediately gave him the box.

The old priest opened it and placed the Gold Buddha in the hand of the large statue.

The detective agency, having been notified of the loss, sent Charles Amore to work on the case. Charles' first thought was of the paper wrapper in which the Gold Buddha was contained when Mr. Allesin received it. Luckily, the paper could be found. Charles' trained eye soon noticed what Mr. Allesin's had never noticed; the address had four capitals in the name, "Mr. John Alle Sin."

His detective instinct gave him the idea of going to China town. He disguised himself as a Chinaman and went down into the Chinese quarter. When he had become a familiar figure there, he expressed a wish that he might be allowed to attend the Buddhist services.

"Haven't you any smaller statues? In San Francisco, we had many statues of all sizes in the room."

"Yes, we have just received a very odd one from Louisiana. The Chinese there sold it to us for a large amount of money but, unluckily, it was miscarried in the mail and we had to steal it from a bank to get it again."

The next morning, Charles sent in his card to Mr. Allesin at his office and was immediately shown into his presence.

"Did you get it? Where is it?" excitedly asked Mr. Allesin.

"I found it, Mr. Allesin, but was unable to get it away from its present owners and, in my opinion, you will never see it again."

He then told of his experience in Chinatown and Mr. Allesin sadly agreed that, in all probability, he would never again possess it.

Molly's Fiance

MIRIAM HEALY, '17

Through moonlit gardens hurried a very beautiful girl in a fit of anger. Every movement of her body and every line of her face expressed it. Her eyes flashed, her cheeks burned, and she bit her lips until it seemed that the blood would come. Yet in spite of all this passion Molly McKee had never looked more beautiful.

On through the gardens she stormed until she came to a sunken pool. There she flung herself upon the grass and continued her sobbing more like a spoiled child than a proud young lady of twenty-three.

"Why couldn't he behave properly? I shall never get over this disgrace. O, why couldn't he see them smiling and nudging each other. I hate him!" were the words she flung into the air.

Back in the house stood the innocent cause of this commotion. Duncan Bauer, a stranger to all of Mrs. McKee's guests and a seemingly pleasant young man, had unwittingly caused this terrible anger.

Bauer soon missed Molly and wondering what could be the matter started to search for her in the garden, her favorite retreat. After a short search he found her still raging beside the pool.

"Why Molly!" he cried, "What can be the matter?"

"Go away, you horrid beast! I hate you!" was the surprising answer he received.

"But Molly, what have I done?"

Molly began to sob and informed him between sobs that he had called her "Mollymine," that he had treated her too playfully, and that everyone was laughing and whispering that they were engaged.

Bauer laughed long and merrily and finally Molly joined in for it really was funny even to her.

"Come on, Molly, my girl," said he. "We don't care what they think. They shouldn't take too much for granted either."

So back to the house they went and Molly was never gayer before. Also Bauer was constantly beside her allowing no other man near.

Because Bauer was a stranger to the guests and because he was apparently so fond of Molly the guests naturally thought an engagement between them was to be announced. In fact a number of the guests considered the reception an announcement and wondered why it was not announced in some definite way.

The morning's paper came out with big headlines telling of the probable engagement of "Miss Molly McKee the popular and beautiful" etc., with Mr. Duncan Bauer of Pensacola, Florida.

The coming event was the talk of the city when invitations were again issued by Mrs. McKee for another reception at her home.

Every person invited went full of curiosity as to what was to be done but when they arrived they were surprised to see the house all draped in mourning crepe and a large bow in a conspicuous place bearing the words, "In Memory of Molly's Fiance." Wonderment filled the guests still more

as the evening entertainment progressed in a very mournful way. Everyone wondered what it all meant.

Just at midnight a hush came over the vast drawing-room as Molly appeared in the doorway dressed in brilliant evening costume and looking anything but sad.

"Friends," she said, "allow me to introduce to you my uncle from Florida, and stepping back she made a bow to a tall, athletic young man who appeared in the doorway.

A gasp of astonishment went round and then a hearty laugh for there stood Mr. Duncan Bauer.

The Story of Bill

IRVIN HELM, '17



small boy walked slowly up the only street of Silver Springs and went into the grocery store. After chewing his finger reflectively a moment, he slipped over to a lean old man, who sat reading near by.

"Uncle Jed," he began, "I thought you'd tell me a story."

The person addressed as Uncle Jed rubbed his chin and said, "Did I ever tell yuh the story of Bill?"

The boy shook his head and took a seat by the door, while the old man put up his glasses and lighted his corn-cob pipe.

"Twas a cold night," he began, "and a little round moon dimly lighted up the small village of Radbury. Yer pap and me sat shiverin' by the fireplace complainin' o' the cold. Jest as we were in the act of turnin' inter bed, it 'peared to me that I heard a child cry outside."

"Tom," says I, "Did yuh hear that?"

"I did," says Tom, "Let's go see what it is."

"We rushed outside without any coats an' only our house slippers on. We looked around here an' there but nothin' could we find. We went back ter the fireplace an' befo' we could get warm we heard the cry again. We went out the back door the second time, an' yer pap wuz in the lead. As yer pa stepped off the porch, a small furry object, attacked him viciously. It proved to be a dorg and he was doin' his best to get yer pa's foot between his jaws. Yer pa aimed a kick at ther dorg but missed him an' broke two toes on the pump. The dorg came up to me an' I carried him inter the house. He was pretty nigh gone but I christened him Bill an' made 'im a bed in a box.

"The next mornin', yer pa an' me had dreadful colds but the dorg wuz sry as a race hoss an' hungry! why he had chewed up two overcoats fer yer pa. Yer pa decided ter punish Bill so he picked up ther poker an' hurled it at 'im jest like Julius Caesar would have hurled a javelin at Stonewall Jackson over in Maniler. Yer pap didn't have good results for he broke a window light and hit yer grandma on ther head. Bill thereupon charged at yer pa and chewed 'im up purty good. Bill then took refuge under my chair and

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remained there with a smile of triumph on his face. Every mornin' Bill'd sharpen his fangs on yer pa's boots 'cause he and yer pa were enemies from first sight.

"Yer grandma made lots o' pies, big apple pies, an' she had a special shelf outside of a winder, where she let 'em cool. I've seen yer dad walk to the winder with a knife an' never let up until as many as six were gone, but he couldn't hold a candle to Bill. Bill an' yer dad could have started on a dozen pies an' Bill could have 'a finished eleven of 'em and be waggin' his tail fer more 'fore yer dad could get started on the first pie. Bill wuz shore a pie eater.

"Yer pa decided to git rid of Bill 'cause he was not only a champion pie-eater but also a pie thief. It happened this way. Ma had jest set six apple pies out ter cool when some visitors came. While she was in the parlor gossiping, Bill decided he'd eat a pie if such a thing could be found. He stood upon his hind legs by the house and sorter felt around on the shelf with a front paw for a pie. Five of the six pies fell off an' the sixth was smashed until it was a disgrace to any cook. While Bill was rooting about in the fourth pie, ma invited the visitors to eat some pie. She went to the pie shelf observed that the pies were gone, and leaned over to see if she could spy the thief. She saw the pies an' Bill also. An' Bill—he was a good picture of doggish glee. The juice from the pie was smeared from his nose to his ears, an' he was almost hidden behind a smile of mischief.

"A death sentence wuz passed upon Bill an' a neighbor's boy wuz to take him to the edge o' Radbury an' kill 'im fer a dollar. Pa jest paid the boy when Bill cleared the winder an' landed in pa's lap. He cleaned pa's face in a second er two, jumped down and made a dish of ham disappear which showed that he wuz not only alive and glad to see pa but also very hungry. Bill was pardoned for his minor offenses and wuz allowed to live.

"Bill inherited a collar an' chain from Zip, a dorg of ours who had died from heart failure. A few days later, with the chain danglin' from his collar, Bill started to inspect the railroad track. The chain became twisted around a stake between ther rails. Bill, unlike a dorg, knew that he could gain his liberty by unwinding the chain from the stake but, like a dorg, he twisted an' twined the chain the wrong way. Shorter and shorter became his path and soon Bill lay down in despair. There came a whistle in ther distance and in a few minutes the express train rounded a curve with Death ridin' on ther engine. On and on toward Bill came the large husky engine. Bill jumped up and prepared for a fight but the huge wheels rolled over him and he wuz carried by Death to the regions called Dorg Heaven."

"Thomas!" came a shrill commanding cry from a near by dwelling. In response to the call the boy bounded out of the store and the old man quietly resumed his reading.



A Lesson in Perseverance

DELTHA STEVENS '17.



AN old battered stage coach rattled along a dusty, deeply-rutted wagon road, that wound its way over the arid sand hills of northern Arizona. Here and there in the little valleys, that nestled down between these cacti-covered hills, could be seen fields of ripening grain and patches of green alfalfa, where a few thrifty people were trying to overcome the arid condition of the soil and bring out its better qualities.

The sole occupant of the coach was a tall, well built man whose browned skin and roughened hands showed signs of exposure and hard manual labor. His face was deeply furrowed and his dark temples were thickly sprinkled with prematurely grey hairs. His shoulders were bent and he had the look of a man who had aged through work and worry rather than through advancing years; but his eyes, which looked as if they had mirrored many disappointments and sorrows, were now sparkling. He seemed to be restless with some great joy that he wished to impart to another, and from time to time he leaned far out of the tiny window and peered into the distance ahead, as if trying to penetrate the filmy veil that hid the little valley below him from his sight. Not until a loop in the road hid it from him did he lean back against the hard cushions and rest. As he sat there, his mind grew easier and happiness surged over him, for was he not now able to give to the one who meant so much to him her heart's desire?

His mind went back over the last five years of his life and a look of sadness crept into his face as he thought of all that had taken place in that short time. Not more than five years ago his young wife had come with him into this barren, almost desert land; leaving her father's home of comfort so that she might aid him in gaining his "start" in life, which he felt was awaiting him here in this dry and seemingly uninteresting country, where so much had been done of late to reclaim the land for agricultural purposes. She had come, not unwillingly, for she too had felt that their future happiness and prosperity would come as a reward of patient labor.

He recalled their old days of happiness, when they had worked side by side, building their rude cabin and tilling the soil of their little homestead. They had been happy then and had enjoyed each day as it had come, bringing with it some new wonder of this strange land that they were learning to love. They had worked hard, but the toil had seemed light and easy because their hopes and ambitions had been so high.

They had not expected immediate reward from their first year's labor, but the second summer had held better promises. The bright spring days had lengthened into summer, which in turn had given place to the hot, stifling days of August and September, and with them had come the long drought that had left the ground parched, the young plants withered, and the grain shriveled. This had been a disappointment indeed, but they had borne it bravely and had gone to work once more with much of their old enthusiasm.

The third year had come, bringing with it another disappointment, for a terrific sand storm had buried their promising crop far beneath its drifts

PURPLE AND WHITE

and when they were once more able to look out upon the valley nothing but complete ruin had been spread before them. With this second discouragement he had been on the verge of despair, but had borne up as well as he could for the sake of Catherine, his wife, for her enthusiasm had begun to lag and from then on she had worked silently by his side, ever willing to lighten his labor, but seldom, if ever, joining him in his plans for their future. He recalled the tired, listless expression that had crept into her wan face and the many times he had noticed the trace of tears. Every day had found him working harder than the one before in his endeavor to reclaim the money he had lost in his previous failures.

But at last had come a change, for the birth of their little child had been the birth of a new hope, a new desire, and a renewed courage; they now had something additional to strive for and they determined that this child should not be left, as they had been, to work his own way unaided in the selfish world. The tired look had faded from Catherine's face and the dull expression in her large brown eyes had given place to a bright, happy expression. The world had seemed to brighten and she no longer hinted of her longing to return to her old home, as she had before, but spent her entire time in caring for this bit of humanity that was the source of their renewed inspiration.

He recalled the days of patience that followed labor and how at last success had seemed almost within his grasp, when their third and greatest sorrow had come upon them. He had been called away on business and when he had returned three days later he had found his wife sitting tearless and wild-eyed with the lifeless body of their little son clasped to her breast. The pain and agony had been almost too great to bear as they had laid the little one to rest by the cabin door, where they had taught him to take his first faltering steps. The sad look in his face deepened as he thought of the weary monotony of the days, weeks, and months that had followed, filled with grief and ceaseless toil. His wife had taken up her duties in a more spiritless way than before; never complaining and seldom ever shedding a tear, but the wasted body and hungered look in her weary eyes made his heart bleed with pity and he longed to send her to her people for a short time so that her mind would not dwell so much upon her sorrow, but this he could not do until he had sold his grain, which could be seen bending and swaying gracefully in the bright sun-shine. These splendid results had come as a reward at last for the incessant labor and energy that he had spent, and he felt amply repaid.

The next problem that had confronted him was the disposing of his grain but this had been easily solved, for a man who was buying the standing crops of the neighborhood had agreed to give him a good price and in a few days would come out to inspect the grain and close the deal. This was the cause of his extreme joy as he sat in the creaking old stage coach on his way home.

He determined to keep his good news a secret so that it might be a surprise for Catherine and he could imagine the old look that would return to her eyes when he should hand her the money and tell her that she could now return to her father. In his reverie he had not noticed that the old stage driver was waiting patiently for him to dismount and he was suddenly brought back to the present by a shout. Looking quickly about him he was stunned to see the entire valley above his little home in flames. Springing from the seat he started on a run toward his cabin, that showed dimly through the smoke.

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When he reached the cabin, which he found was safe, he was alarmed to find that Catherine was not there, but he soon discovered her working side by side with another woman, whose home was near them. He ran to their aid and they fought until they could hardly stand from exhaustion. At last he realized the uselessness of trying to overpower the flames that had gained such a headway and he knew that their only hope of saving the rest of the grain and the homes in the valley would be to "back fire" his own field. Soon two large sheets of flames were moving swiftly toward each other; at last they met, united, and fell defeated in their destructive work.

He turned about and started slowly toward the house. His mind was in a frenzy. He did not know what to do and he dreaded to face the discouragement of his wife for he felt that he must first conquer his own. He sat down upon a stone by the door and taking his face in his hands wept silently to himself. Catherine, coming upon him in his distraction, stood spell-bound. These were the first signs of grief that she had ever known him to show and she had begun to think that he was heartless. But now she knew that he had with-held for her sake his emotions during his many trials, and she felt reproached for not bearing them more bravely. She went quickly to his side, knelt before him and took his head in her arms. He paid no attention to her but she continued to stroke his hot forehead. This was too much for his over-wrought nerves and he burst out, crying.

"Oh Catherine! what will we do? Everything we have is gone; it is no use to work farther. I intended for you to take the money, I expected to receive for this crop, and go back to Iowa for a visit, but now—What will we do?" Catherine choked back a sob.

"We haven't lost all we have, James. We still have each other and we now know what the soil can produce. We can begin again and surely reward will come. I can help you now as I have nothing to keep me busy (another sob arose but she bravely choked it back) and 'God helps those who help themselves' so he will certainly help us now. Perhaps success would have been ours this time, if I had stood by you as I should have done, if I had been willing to do my duty."

It was a great undertaking, but they were destined to succeed, for these five years of trials and disappointments had taught them more than they could possibly have learned through years of study. These experiences had taught them, besides the many minor lessons, the great lesson of perseverance, and had impressed upon their minds the truth of the old saying "Through perseverance comes reward."



Chloe, A Brat

LOUISE MEILIKE, '17

Chloe was a little brat. Not only was she a black little brat, but she was also an impudent little brat; and, worst of all, she was an amusing little brat, which was bad, very bad, indeed; for a black or an impudent little brat you can punish, but who can punish an amusing little brat that has the knack of making you laugh at the very moment you are about to inflict the necessary corporal punishment?

From the afore mentioned facts you will gather that Chloe was a very unusual brat, which, it must be admitted, was true; and being an unusual brat, Chloe consequently had a very unusual ambition. She wished to achieve distinction.

Now you must not think that Chloe wished to achieve distinction by dropping her title of brat; no, never, but she did wish to achieve distinction by becoming a new kind of a brat. But this, alas! was an extremely difficult feat.

But Chloe was determined, and, being determined, forthwith began to plan her campaign; for her vocabulary, being very scanty, did not contain such a word as failure. The first thing to do, Chloe concluded, was to determine what manner of brat she was to be. This matter, naturally, required much thought and it was for the purpose of thinking that Chloe retired early one morning to a particularly hard bench in a particularly sunny spot in the orchard, for Chloe had learned from long experience, that a brain works much quicker when it is uncomfortable.

Once settled she proceeded to think. But think as she might, no idea would come. Presently she put up a little black paw and forthwith proceeded to scratch her wooly little head. It felt hard, very hard. This Chloe attributed to the fact that it was made of ivory for so young Master Philip had once informed her. Slowly and thoughtfully she rubbed her head. Slowly and deliberately the great thought dawned into that ball of solid ivory. She would be a Darling Little Brat! Yes, decidedly she would be such, for never before had there been such a manner of brat.

And now the question was—how to acquire the name. She could not get it from her Aunt Dinah, that was certain; for to her Aunt Dinah she was and always would be an impudent little brat; nor could she get it from her mistress, for to Mrs. Leeson she was and would no doubt continue to be an amusing little brat. Then there was only young Master Philip left, and she saw little hope in him, for he called her a black little brat. Chloe shook her head sadly.

At that moment Fate, looking down from Mt. Olympus, glanced over the earth and suddenly saw a little black brat, in a little black patched calico dress, sitting on a bench, one grimy little hand thoughtfully rubbing her wooly little head and one stubby little toe as thoughtfully rubbing the earth. Moved by such evidence of a studious mind, Fate kindly decided to help out and forthwith proceeded to send an idea to pierce that little ivory head.

The idea duly arrived in Chloe's vicinity and as duly pierced her head and proceeded to whisper its message. Chloe blinked her eyes thoughtfully as she listened to it's message and then nodded gravely. The idea was good.

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So she clambered down from the bench and disappeared within the kitchen.

Once in the kitchen Chloe crawled behind the stove, for when Aunt Dinah was making pies, and she was going to engage in the occupation soon, as the evidence on the table proved; when, as was said, Aunt Dinah made pies, she used the rolling pin, and used it impartially upon the dough and a certain little black ivory head that occasionally invaded her sacred premises.

So Chloe waited behind the stove. Presently Aunt Dinah returned and a little later Mrs. Leeson came rushing in. She seemed greatly flurried; an unknown cousin from up North was coming to visit her for several weeks. She could not imagine what had moved that cousin to visit her at such a time. Chloe, however, merely grinned and winked at Fate from behind the kitchen stove. A satisfied grin covered her face.

It was quite late in the afternoon when the unknown cousin arrived. Her name was Rose and it fitted her exactly. Chloe liked her and she liked her name while Rose liked Chloe, and upon being told by Aunt Dinah that Chloe was a little brat, said she would reserve until later her decision as to what manner of a brat Chloe was. Aunt Dinah snorted, but Chloe merely grinned.

She and Rose became very good friends, but Rose was unable to determine what kind of brat Chloe was and when she informed Chloe of the fact, that little brat did what she always did, grinned.

It was the next afternoon that Rose, while sitting on the veranda with Mrs. Leeson, took off her ring, a diamond ring, and undoubtedly very precious, if judged by Rose's actions when she gave it to Mrs. Leeson with some remark about a certain He.

Chloe accordingly left the veranda, hurried around to the barn, and proceeded to untie a young horse, Mrs. Leeson's special pet, and to lead it out into the adjacent field. Then she rushed back to the veranda and informed Mrs. Leeson, who was still examining the ring, of the fact that Prince was loose, meanwhile noting with satisfaction that Mrs. Leeson promptly put the ring on the porch railing and rushed back to the barn, closely followed by Rose. Chloe, however, remained behind. When she saw that the coast was clear, she hid the ring among some flowers growing just beneath the railing and then sauntered out to the barn to see how affairs were progressing.

They had progressed already, however, for the colt was in the barn and Mrs. Leeson and Rose were returning to the veranda. Chloe followed.

As they were going up the steps Rose suddenly remembered her ring and turning to her cousin, asked where she had put it. Mrs. Leeson turned to the railing but no ring was there. A hurried search ensued. Rose began to cry, Mrs. Leeson vainly attempting to comfort her and to search for the ring at the same time. Chloe saw the tears rolling down Rose's cheeks and decided that the opportune moment had arrived. So she suddenly and unaccountably discovered the ring hidden among the flowers beneath the porch railing. Her face beaming, she handed it to Rose who gasped for very joy and then swept Chloe, ring and all, into her arms.

"How on earth did you happen to find it you; you darling little brat?"

Chloe, however, said nothing, but merely winked at Fate and Fate winked back.

Mother's Baby

It was a little old house set at a distance back from the old road, and its weather beaten walls were all smothered in vines, roses, and honeysuckle. The last rays of the sun fell upon the little brown house, wrapping its covering of fresh green in a halo of light.

Inside in her little white bedroom Molly was anything but calm. She lay in a disheveled, flushed heap on the bed, which shook with her sobs. One slipper lay by the door where she had kicked it in her rage; the other lay by the bed where it had fallen off. Her passionate sobbing continued for some time, and at last with a long shuddering sigh, Molly sat up. Tears ran in rivulets down her face. Her hair was a tumbled heap, but she was strangely calm after the storm. Catching sight of her big white cat which had just entered the room and was eyeing her questioningly, Molly picked him up and sat him upon her knee.

"Peter," she said gravely, "I'm going away. You know why, don't you, Peter darling? Mother doesn't love me any more and dad doesn't either. Mother won't let me do anything—dad doesn't want anybody to come here. Everything I do is wrong, so I'm going away. I'm sixteen, Peter, so I can look out for myself. I won't forget you, dear old Peter, and don't you dare forget me." Peter yawned. "Mother will not get me any clothes and my old dresses are already famous for their age. O, Peter you don't know how awful it is to go to some place where other girls are dressed so prettily and I so shabbily. I'll go to Clayton and take that job in the store, which Mrs. Manning offered me. You'll see, Peter; your Molly will make them miss her yet. Mother lets Tom have everything he wants. I've tried to be so lovable, but they think that Tom is the only one to be considered. I can't stand it any longer, Peter."

Jumping up, she dropped the cat suddenly; he landed with a thud and then looked up at her with surprise. In deep contrition she picked him up with a squeeze that brought forth a feeble meow, and then she set him down gently upon the bed.

She went into supper, the only traces of grief were flushed cheeks and shining eyes. Molly was strangely quiet. Quite unlike her usually lively self she seemed buried in abstractions with sudden bursts of an attempt at naturalness. She passed the tooth-picks when her father asked for the butter, absently handed Tom the bread when he had asked for nothing, and finally aroused the curiosity of all three. Tom laughed at her, mother told her she had better go to bed early, while dad inquired if she were in love. To all these remarks Molly was indifferent. She quickly washed and wiped the dishes and put them away in the little chintz covered closet, spread the faded green cover on the table, replaced the basket of honeysuckle, and sat down by the window.

The sun was down. The shadows began to thicken, and a deep fresh coolness came over the earth. Dad went out on the little vine-covered porch and mother went with him. Molly sat by the window and thought. She felt that she was sitting there for the last time. Her worldly possessions reposed in the suitcase mother had given her last vacation and after the folks had retired Molly was going away. Molly's pretty mouth was set in a

straight line. Her eyes were thoughtful and an unbidden pang awoke in her breast as she looked for the last time around the little plain room. She felt so sad because mother and dad didn't love her any more. The deepening shadows lay softly on the old dark carpet, on the piano which had caused tears of joy when dad had gotten it for her, and on her baby picture which her mother had had enlarged and framed. She looked at the dimpled laughing face, and the memory of a time came back to her when she had overheard her mother telling a friend that "Molly was still her baby." On the other side was mother's picture, and dad's was there too. A deeper pang struck her, but she resolutely steeled herself against any weakness, and went over her grievances once more. Peter missing her came into the room and purring loudly rubbed against her. Molly picked him up and rubbed her cheek against his soft coat. Poor Peter. How she hated to leave him. He snuggled down contentedly and Molly involuntarily tightened her hold upon him. She was petting him for the last time. She heard Tom whistling gayly as he shaved, preparatory to calling upon Sue, his girlish sweetheart. Mother's and dad's voices drifted into her as she sat in a dejected heap waiting for the darkness to come. At first she paid no attention to what they were saying, but she caught a word here and there; she heard her name mentioned and then she listened closely. What was mother saying?

"Poor little Molly," she heard her say, "I sometimes think I'll tell her all about it and then I always think better of it. It would only worry her I think though, she knows something's wrong." Molly sat up straight.

"No, don't tell her," she heard her father saying, "she does not ever need to know. If it turns out right, we'll soon be on our feet again. I saw Grayson in town to-day and he said he thought the firm would be able to loan me that thousand, and if they do, we stand a good chance of having enough to pull through."

Tom knocked something over and slammed the screen-door in going out, which made her miss part of the answer, but by this time Molly was listening intently and for a second time Peter was deposited ungently upon the floor.

"It seems too bad not to be able to get new clothes for her—Molly loves pretty things so," Mother's voice was continuing, with its mother love, "and I've been so worried lately that maybe I've sort of neglected her—but", the voice became so low that Molly had to creep near to hear, "she's awfully dear and patient about having to do without. Do you remember, John, when we first came to the little brown house how Molly and Tom"—

Molly wanted to hear no more. Quietly she slipped from the room into her own, which looked so welcome to her now and there O, so penitent, she wept tears of joy. How could she ever have misjudged mother and dad? Innumerable memories of their unselfish love crowded in upon her and in an agony of shame she whispered aloud—"Mother! Dad! forgive me!"



PURPLE AND WHITE

The M. U. H. S.
“Purple and White”

—PUBLISHED BY—

The Pupils of the
Madera Union High School

Madera, California

1915

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EDITORIAL



UCH has been said about school-spirit in preceding years. Articles abounding in eloquently turned phrases have been written upon the subject, but never before in the history of the school have there been so many demonstrations of it in every department of school activity. The school as a whole seems to have taken a new start, with progress and good-fellowship as marked results of the growth of school-spirit.

This unselfish desire for a larger scope for the school has not been confined to the students alone; the teachers have freely given their time and assistance in making a success of many undertakings. We are glad we have a faculty who are really interested in us. Mr. Mower has given us his support in all of our activities and proved himself an excellent "booster", imbued with true school spirit. He has taught us that school-spirit is not restricted to social and athletic interests alone, but extends to our scholarship standing. It is greatly due to his efforts that the scholarship standing of the school has been raised, as is shown by the index figures sent out by the University of California relative to the Scholarship Rating of Secondary Schools.

A splendid example of true school-spirit is the "second" team in Girl's Basket-ball. Day after day these girls, who composed the second team, came out to practice that a winning first team might be made possible. There was no hope of personal glory actuating them, for a second team rarely gets praise, but simply an unselfish interest in the school activities.

Through the cooperation of the students and faculty, inspired by the right kind of school spirit, the largest school annual ever published by the students of Madera High School has been issued this year. The success of any paper depends, not upon any one person or upon any one class, but upon the entire student body. It certainly speaks well for the spirit of this school that the students can put out a paper of this size. Material was submitted freely; it began to come in early, and continued to come in until the paper went to press. In the process several hitherto unknown geniuses have come to light. Next year the paper should go even farther in its progress. So, Fellow-Students, boost!

Suggestions



HERE is always room for improvement. While the girls distinguished themselves this year in athletics, the boys' athletics were strangely lacking. This is not as it should be. Boys, get busy! There is plenty of excellent material in Madera High. Its only need is development. The girls will support you; they are eagerly awaiting a chance to boast of "Our boy's basket-ball team" and "Our track and baseball teams." All that is needed is some one to start to organize. Why not You? Of course, there were unfortunate circumstances this year which hindered boys' athletics, but if the girls can keep the scholarship standing up, the boys surely can. Don't let this year's failure discourage you, but start in early next year and be determined to accomplish something worth while.

Listen! Why not have a dramatic society? Why not organize the histrionic students into a dramatic society in the same manner as the talented debaters are organized? You have plenty of material, surely! The training is certainly excellent, not the acting alone, but the ability to move gracefully, and the power to carry one's self well.

OUR principal, Mr. Mower, has the distinction of being the expert reader of Latin and Greek texts on the state board of education. He has had this honor for ten years and at the last meeting of the State Board of Education he was asked to continue his services in that capacity.

The student who takes home the greatest number of books is not always the one who studies most.

It is really surprising how many students there are to find fault and offer suggestions—but what an alarming scarcity when anything is to be done.

What would happen if the faculty should take a sudden notion to exact of us all the things we had promised to do?

PURPLE AND WHITE

Cultivate a smile for Monday mornings.

"Don't forget that the "Second" team in any kind of athletics deserves your thanks, lots of credit and a little glory, too.

Even the faculty are discouraged at times—a little appreciation is relished by anyone.

Don't think because you are a Freshman that your lessons should be handed out in sugar coated pills—and—don't think if you are a Senior that you are in the clouds—come down a peg!

Above all, Fellow Students, cultivate a boosting spirit! Boost for a bigger, better, and more efficient school.



The Wreck

The clock in the high church tower
Had struck the hour of one;
The village was buried in slumber,
For the day's work had not yet begun.

Darkness o'er shadowed the houses,
And silence reigned in the street;
For naught was heard the whole night long,
Save the tramp of the watchman's feet.

As time drew steadily onward,
And reached the hour of three;
The waves on the rock-bound coast line,
Rose high in their playful glee.

But a shriek now broke on the silence,
And echoed from mountain crest;
While the bell in the light house kept tolling
For a vessel that lay in distress.

"A wreck; a ship is sinking!"
Was the cry both loud and clear;
"To the boats ye trusty sailors,
A vessel is lying so near."

The call for help resounded
From the coves along the shore,
And a life-boat filled with sailors,
Pushed out mid the ocean's roar.

As they met the raging tempest,
They were carried far out on the sea;
In the midst of snow-capped billows,
Raging with fiendish glee.

Toward the ill-fated vessel,
Their sinewy muscles strain;
They ply the oar with determined will,
The perishing ones to gain.

But the waves made sport of the life-boat,
And drove it far back on the beach;
Sad eyes then searched the waters,
For the ship they had failed to reach.

But, alas! by the fates she was destined
To the deep sea's watery grave;
Where heaven's bright sunn'er shineth,
Beneath the rolling wave.

(STANLEY FORD)

Academic Department

Better work in all the academic departments of the school has been made possible this year through the employment of an additional teacher and a re-assignment of the different subjects so that department teachers would not be obliged to teach subjects which are not their specialties.

The scope of the work in English has been somewhat enlarged by devoting more time in the upper classes to forensics and debating, and in the lower classes, to composition and English grammar. Mrs. Burch has had charge of the work in debating, and those who were present at the Madera-Easton debate justly felt proud at the excellent showing made by the Madera team.

About seventy-five volumes have been added to the high school library this year, giving us a well-selected reference library of about a thousand volumes. The Principal has also placed four hundred volumes from his own private library, chiefly classical and historical reference books, at the disposal of the students.

Additional apparatus has been purchased for both the Physical and Chemical laboratories, and a liberal number of new models for the free-hand drawing classes, making the equipment in these departments now quite complete.

Besides the industrial and commercial work, the school now offers subjects as follows: English, for four years; Latin, four years; History, four years; Mathematics, four years; German, two years; Science, two years; Free-hand Drawing, two years; Mechanical Drawing, one year; and chorus singing daily throughout the four years.

These subjects are grouped into different courses, which prepare for everyone of the thirteen colleges at the University of California, and for the different colleges at Stanford University, and carry with them recommendations.

Students not wishing to take one of the regular courses may pursue a course purely elective by choosing four units from the fourth year subjects; four units from the third year subjects; four units from the second year subjects; and four units from the first year subjects. In the choice of such a course, however, it is obvious that each subject must be chosen in such a way as to lay a foundation for the subject which is to follow. It should be noted also that recommendations are not attached to this elective course.

Students in the regular academic courses may elect industrial subjects as extras and carry them along in connection with their regular academic work.

It is to be hoped that next year arrangements can be made whereby all the first year boys may take Manual training and the first year girls may take either sewing or cooking. It is also proposed to equip the Commercial department with dictaphones and thus give the boys and girls advantages which are offered by very few schools in the State.

F. O. MOWER.



LUCILE RING, '15

"Oh!" I groaned as I looked at the Bulletin Board and read, "Remember—All material for the Purple and White must be in by day after to-morrow."

As I stood there I had a vision of a great pile of Exchanges, half of which I had not read. I must find some way out!

I left the Bulletin Board and passed on down the hall to join a jolly crowd of students, that was standing at the foot of the stairs. Just before I got to them an idea came to me—Yes, a really good idea!

"Say," I began in doleful tone, "don't you folks want to assist a poor dejected fellow citizen?"

"Sure" came the quick response from every one

"Well, then," I said, very much relieved, "come to the library at noon to eat your lunches and—"

"Say", interrupted David, "I'm willing to do that, but I don't see how that is going to help you out. Of course, you may have some object in view when you tell us to bring our lunches." At this last remark he sought protection behind the bannister.

"David", I said, feigning anger, "None of your insinuations! What I want you folks to come for, is to find out your criticisms of the Exchanges. I need help because material has to be in day after tomorrow!"

"Oh", exclaimed David, "If that is all you want, its all right. I'll do the criticising."

According, at noon time all were gathered in the Library.

"I think," said Vaughn, who is the acknowledged artist of the school, "that the cover design on the Tokay is very good. I haven't seen any better on any of the papers."

"Yes," chimed in Rusty, "and the cover design is not deceiving as to what's on the inside either."

I then picked up the Sycamore from Modesto and remarked, "Here's and old friend, one I always love to read. It is ever so much better than it was last year, and you know by that, that it must be mighty good. Be sure and read the joshes because they are surely great."

Florence said,

"Here is the Sibyl from Riverside. The cuts are simply class."

Someone supplied,

"I like their poetry too. The only thing I object to is hunting through the ads to find the joshes."

"I think," said Frieda, "that the stories and cuts in the Topa Topa are swell, but I was awful surprised to see that such a good paper had no exchange department."

PURPLE AND WHITE

"Are you speaking of the Topa Topa," asked David. Well their josh department was certainly on a strike."

"Have you read the Red and Black from Stevens High, Claremount, New Hampshire," inquired Peggy. "It is surely an original magazine, but I'd like a few more cuts."

"Say," said Rusty between bites of a sandwich, "I think the Pine Crest is a dandy good paper, but did you notice the seniors pictures? I didn't like the way they were arranged at all."

"Oh," said Don, "Here is the Spectrum from the University of Redlands. I always like it. Why do they put their ads in the front of the paper?"

As Vaughn picked up the Samoni he remarked, "This is very good for a monthly paper, but don't you think more cuts would be better?"

We were interrupted by someone entering the room from the front door.

"Say, kids," began Ruth Williams, I'm sorry to be so late, but I had to go home for lunch. I wanted to come through and tell you about the Orange and Black that you gave me the other day. The stories are the best ever."

"Speaking of stories," interrupted Peggy, "reminds me of the Litoria. Their stories are sure short but sweet."

After rummaging through a pile of magazines on the floor, Florence pulled out the Mission and waved it frantically in the air, loudly proclaiming that it was the best paper we had received.

"Oh yes," said Douglas, "The Vengeance of Jimmie McAllen is certainly some story."

William Mickel added,

"The only thing that could be criticised is the josh department. It is away too short. Evidently the students of Mission High are not very humorous."

"But," added Don, "If you want to drive the blues away, just take one look at the josh department of the Spider. I laugh every time I think about it. Honestly, their jokes are simply keen."

Just then the bell rang and as the students rushed down the stairs someone asked, "Did you see the Courier from Boise, Idaho? It's great."

We have also received the San Jose Weekly, the San Jose Normal Times, the Whittier High Weekly, the U. of R. Campus, and the Owl from Fresno.

There has been an effort made to return all exchanges, but if any have been overlooked we are very sorry. The exchanges have been very interesting and helpful, so with a smile the Purple and White asks you to "Call again!"

PURPLE AND WHITE



FRIEDA KEGEL, '15

On October sixteenth, nineteen hundred and fourteen, fifty rosy cheeked Freshmen gathered at the high school at the invitation of the upper classmen, who for weeks had been making preparations for the entertainment of their miniature guests-to-be.

In the lower hall, partners for supper were chosen by a clever card arrangement, many a wee Freshman boy receiving the honor of being the escort of a stately Senior girl. After all the Freshmen had found someone to care for them, everyone marched upstairs to the large auditorium, which was tastefully decorated in green. The long tables fairly groaned beneath the weight of a most delicious banquet, causing the eyes of all Freshies to sparkle with amazement, and since the little tots "just couldn't wait," the tables were relieved of their burdens at once.

After everyone had partaken of the sumptuous repast, a clever little program was presented, and the little guests listened to toasts given by the faculty, class presidents, and athletic captains. The Freshmen were then sent downstairs to have their fortunes told, while the auditorium was cleared for dancing.

When the little folks came upstairs their hearts all a flutter, because of the great future before them, dancing began, and continued till midnight.

At twelve o'clock the tiny guests were tucked up snug and warm in their little coats and, with their chubby little faces glowing with delight, they gurgled their thanks to their hosts and hostesses and were escorted home.

Australian Boy Tourists Party

The boy tourists from Australia were the guests of the Madera High School Students' Association from April first to April third. The boys were entertained in private homes. On Friday afternoon, they visited the high school at the invitation of Professor Mower, and the place was turned over to them, further school work for the day being suspended. They entertained the students with an impromptu program, consisting of songs and lectures on Australia.

On Friday evening, the young Australians were entertained at an informal reception given at the Catholic Club House. Most of the boys danced, and the others, who had not yet mustered up enough courage to try the American dances, were entertained at cards.

At twelve o'clock light refreshments were served, but it was not till the "wee sma" hours of the morning that the delightful little affair groke up. The Australian lads declared that they had had a jolly good time and pronounced the students of Madera High ideal entertainers.

The next day, the guests departed, leaving behind them a wealth of information concerning Australia. They were escorted to the station by the students. As the train pulled out, they gave their Australian yell, leaving the members of the high school to dream of white caps and dark blue uniforms for many a day.

Girls' Jinks

On November seventh, the Easton Basket Ball girls were entertained by the Madera girls at the high school.

The girls arrived in Basket Ball suits and short dresses, even the members of the faculty forgetting their dignity for a few brief hours, since Mrs. Burch appeared as a dear little boy and Miss Clark as a wee miss of three or four years.

A comic track meet was held followed by a lively debate, the question being, "Resolved that the dish rag is more important than the broom." Easton had the negative, with Helen Devine, Dot Moltzen, and Christiana Hansen, as debaters, while Madera's side was upheld by Frieda Kegel, Ethel McCumber and Hazel Appling. The fact that the debate was entirely extemporaneous, made it all the more exciting. Of course, we were polite enough to give the visitors the decision, since we had been unmannerly enough to beat them badly in the afternoon's game.

At the close of the evening, refreshments were served, the Easton girls declaring that the Madera girls were ideal entertainers. The Madera team has since been entertained at Easton and a pleasant friendship has been formed between the two schools.

Alumni Banquet

The most brilliant event in the social history of the Madera High School was the Student-Faculty-Alumni Banquet, which was given on the evening of December eighteenth by the faculty and the students of the school.

The large auditorium was decorated in holiday attire; the long tables, gleaming with china and silver, were arranged in the shape of a Letter "H". At the tables were seated the graduates of the school, some of them being members of the class of '97.

The menu prepared by the girls of the domestic science class was the success of the evening both in quality and quantity. The various courses of the dinner were served by the Senior and Freshmen girls.

After an hour of feasting, a short program was presented by the members of the school, and then, with Mr. Mower acting as toastmaster, the different class presidents and faculty members welcomed the Alumni. Other toasts were given to the returned graduates from the University of California, Redlands University, Stanford University, and the Fresno and San Jose Normal schools.

Following the toasts, the hall was quickly cleared and dancing whiled away the remainder of the evening.

At a late hour the guests departed saying that their old high school was still "the best ever," and declaring the banquet of "1914" the most enjoyable they had ever attended.



... Organizations ...

Student Body

VIOLA MACON, '16.

The first regular meeting of M. H. S. student body was held September 12, 1914, with the following officers in charge:—

Chas. Moore President.
Donald Leidig Vice-President
Frieda Kegel Secretary
Waldo Woodard Treasurer

Much interest was shown in the election for the second half year, especially for the office of President. Lucille Ring was elected to this office, thereby establishing a new precedent for the school, as she is the only girl president in its history. She has been very successful in discharging her duties and although the boys find it rather awkward to say "Madam President", every one is now assured that the girls are as capable as the boys of filling the office.

The other officers for the second half year were: —

Leslie Stevens Vice-President
Ethel McCumber Secretary
Waldo Woodard Treasurer

Both sets of officers have been successful and more interest has been taken in the Student Body meetings than ever before. We feel that we owe much of our success to our well planned constitution, which gives the students entire charge of all business, subject to the approval of the faculty, who are also members of the Student Body.

The Student Body has been especially fortunate this term, in having heard a number of interesting lectures.

Mr. Harry Hill gave us an exceptionally good talk on the Elements of Success. His advice to us was very helpful and everyone enjoyed his talk.

We appreciated the lecture by Roy E. Creighton, State Field Secretary of the Christian Endeavor, on Character Building. Mr. Creighton understands young people, and his remarks were earnestly received by the students.

Attorney W. L. Williams gave us an interesting talk on the character of Washington. Although it is an old subject, he presented it to us in a new way, causing us to see Washington in a new light.

One of the most profitable lectures which we heard was that of Dr. E. Lee Burch on Memory Training. He explained to us a new system for remembering things, and we were surprised to find how soon we could learn to repeat a list of words exactly as they had been given.

PURPLE AND WHITE

Mr. J. L. Simons gave us an interesting and profitable lecture on Australia. He banished all our ideas about Australians being black and savage. He made good his word a few days later when he brought the boys of the young Australian League to visit us. As for being black, why, some of our girls preferred them to our own American boys. They entertained us by singing their favorite songs and by telling us of the resources, industries, climate, and educational system of their country.



LUCILE RING

WALDO WOODARD
LESLIE STEVENS

ETHEL McCUMBER

STUDENT BODY OFFICERS

LUCILE RING	--	--	--	--	--	--	President
LESLIE STEVENS	--	--	--	--	--	--	Vice President
ETHEL McCUMBER	--	--	--	--	--	--	Secretary
WALDO WOODARD	--	--	--	--	--	--	Treasurer

Debates

FRIEDA KEGEL, '15



The year nineteen hundred fifteen witnessed the development of a new activity in the Madera High school. The Senior class became so enthusiastic over their study of argumentation, and the debates connected with it, that a debating club was organized which has proven so successful that it promises to become a permanent institution.

The club is governed by a written constitution drawn up by the members. Meetings are held every second and fourth Friday of the month. During the first few months, meetings were held evenings at the high school, but as winter drew near, they were held at school, our Principal allowing us to devote two periods of regular school time to the debates.

The officers for this year were Hague Maloyan, President; Mathew Conley, Vice-President; Effie Raburn, Secretary; and Frieda Kegel, debating editor.

The question for debate, speakers and sides are chosen by a literary committee. This year's literary committee was composed of Miss Clark, chairman, Donald Leidig, and Frieda Kegel.

The following are some of the debates held this year:

1. Resolved that capital punishment should be abolished.
Affirmative:—Leslie Stevens, Marie Dromey.
Negative:—Stanley Ford, Beatrice Harden.
Decision to affirmative.
2. Resolved that the United States army and navy should be increased.
Affirmative:—David Barcroft, Frieda Kegel.
Negative:—Donald Leidig, Ethel McCumber.
Decision to negative.
3. Resolved that the United States should retain permanent possession of the Philippines.
Affirmative:—Stanley Ford, Donald Leidig.
Negative:—Pauline Stahl, Leslie Stevens.
Decision to affirmative.
4. Resolved that the United States government should own and control the railroads.
Affirmative:—Charles Moore, Louise Meilike.
Negative:—Lucile Ring, Kenneth McKenzie.
Decision to affirmative.
5. Resolved that emigration to the United States should be further restricted by the illiteracy test.
Affirmative:—Waldo Woodard, Matthew Conley.

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Negative:—Marie Dromey Ralph Rich.

Decision to negative.

6. Resolved that it would be more beneficial to humanity if Germany wins the present war.

Affirmative:—Louise Meilike, Hazel Appling.

Negative:—Leslie Stevens, Vaun Darpinian.

Decision to negative.

The most exciting event of the year was our debate with the Easton high school. The Easton team had been organized for years, had won scores of victories, and since we had just begun debating we were considerably alarmed in having them as our opponents. They chose the question, "Resolved that the United States army and navy should be increased, and we took the negative side. Madera was represented by Leslie Stevens, Hague Maloyan and Effie Raburn; Easton by Helen Divine, Elsie Moore, and Roy Hammond. The speeches were all forcibly given, and the carefully organized papers showed careful preparation and training. The judges decided unanimously in favor of Madera, making our first debate a brilliant success.

As commencement drew near, the debates were given up but not permanently. Officers have already been chosen for next year, and with the foundation made this term, the club ought to be very successful. We are especially thankful to Mrs. Burch whose untiring industry, kindly patience, and enthusiastic interest in the club, has made it possible for us to accomplish so much in so short a time.

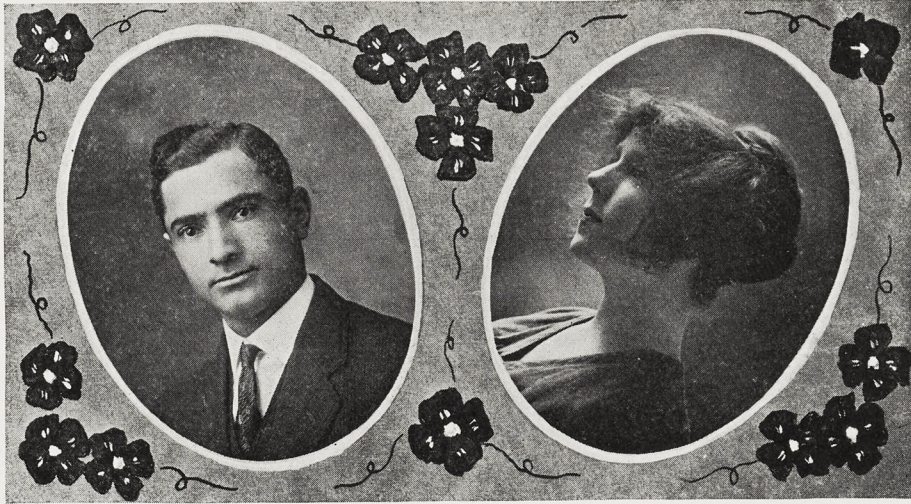
MEMBERS OF CLUB

Appling, Hazel
Conley, Matthew
Darpinian, Vaun
Dromey, Marie
Ford, Stanley
Kegel, Frieda
Leidig, Donald
Maloyan, Hague
McCumber, Ethel

McKenzie, Kenneth
Meilike, Louise
Moore, Charles
Raburn, Effie
Rich, Ralph
Stahl, Pauline
Ring, Lucille
Stevens, Leslie
Woodard, Waldo



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DEBATING CLUB OFFICERS

HAGUE MALOYAN	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	President
EFFIE RABURN	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	Secretary

(From the Josh Column)

He went to see his lassie,
 When the stars were in the sky;
 He excelled at playing tennis,
 For the courts were always nigh.
 On Saturdays, he rested,
 Or went off to have some sport;
 On Sundays he went spooning,
 And forgot to make it short.
 On Mondays he was sleepy,
 And the class was awful dry;
 On Tuesdays he was planning,
 On the Freshmen's feed to spy.
 On Wednesdays there was baseball;
 Thursday night he saw his girl,
 And on Friday plans for Saturday
 Kept his mind all in a whirl.
 Thus from week to week he labored;
 He was popular; he was swell;
 Till, at last, the term was ended—
 (Now promise you won't tell)

HE FLUNKED!!!!

German Club.



GLADYS STEVENS, '16

Sept. 8—German! Well we thinks so but we are not sure. Mr. Kahl has had an exceedingly hard time trying to make us understand him. We are such dunces, but we will do better tomorrow.

Oct. 30—We met today for German Club. The following officers were elected:

Pres.—Pauline Stahl,
Vice-Pres.—Artye Gordon,
Sec't.—Viola Macon,
Pianist—Ruth Williams.

A literary committee was also appointed, consisting of:

Mr. Kahl, Ruth Williams, Ethel Mc-
Cumber, Pauline Stahl, and Charlie
Moore.

Nov. 25—We met today for club.

Nov. 28—Joedwin pronouncing tut tut,

Mr. Kahl.—Toot.

J.—tut.

Mr. K.—toot! ! toot! ! Miss Willis!

I wonder if she is on the track.

Dec. 19—We sang at the Alumni Banquet tonight. We must have done well because nobody left the room.

Jan. 4—A new year but we are still faithful to our German. Pauline entertained us at her home last night. After the program we played games.

Feb. 16—This is the week of "Exams." German today.

Feb. 26—Hurrah! German Club. We wish it would come more often because we are so industrious. (Don't have to prepare any lesson.)

March 17—Mr. Kahl does not think we studied our lesson today. It's just because he collected our papers before recitation.

March 26—The regular meeting of the Club was held at Ethel's home. We had a good time. Some visitors were there who gave some very interesting talks.

PURPLE AND WHITE



VIOLA MACON

PAULINE STAHL

PAULINE STAHL	--	--	--	--	--	--	President
VIOLA MACON	--	--	--	--	--	--	Secretary

March 31—Mr. Kahl informs us that we must be serious while studying German. We don't know just exactly how to do it, but expect Mr. Kahl is trying to set the example, for if Lena pushes Ethel out of her seat, Mr. Kahl does not laugh.

April 20—Artye imparts to us in her German Launguage that she can lay her hand on the ceiling. We are glad she can because the rest of us would need a ladder. Perhaps she would be of use when the Assembly Hall needs decorating.

May 10—Alpha gives us the startling information that they put Christmas Trees in the oven to bake in Germany.

June 11—This is the last meeting of our beloved Club.

June 25—All of our troubles are ended until next year.





Music has been greatly emphasized in our school this year. The first period in the afternoon is given over entirely to Mr. Harvey, our instructor, under whom we have studied some of the greatest compositions of the world. We have given three concerts, including one oratorio.

On the evening of November 20, 1914, we gave our first concert in the Lincoln school auditorium. We sang the oratorio, "The Holy City." In regard to its merits we quote from the "Tribune:"

"From the first chord of the opening strains of Dyke's 'Nicae Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty' the song the 'angels sing before the throne of God' which was used as a processional march for Gaul's 'Holy City' until the final amen in one grand harmonious final, an appreciative audience was held literally enthralled by the presentation of this religious oratorio by the students of the Union High School under the leadership of their musical instructor, Professor L. W. Harvey.

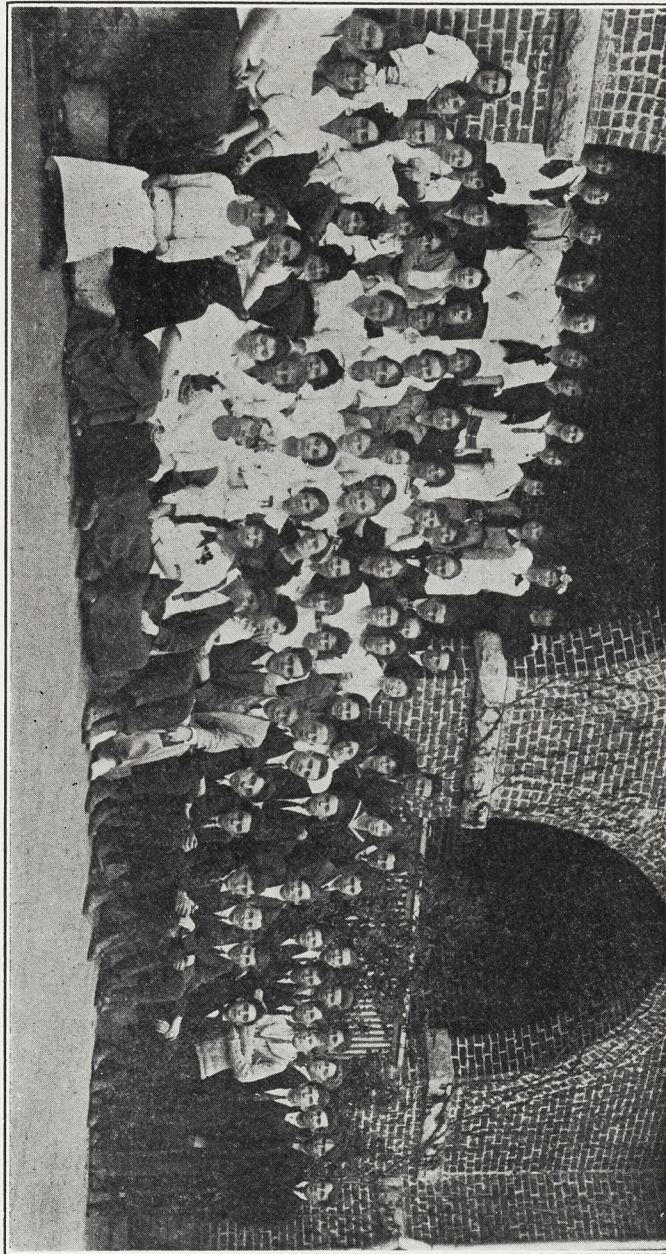
"The sweet voices rang throughout the building with melodies akin to those the angels must sing around the Throne; the choruses were given with a full burst of tone that would do credit to many an adult choir of long training while the Arias were rendered by the singers in sections, thus producing an effect much more striking than could be done by the individual solist.

"We congratulate the young ladies and young men that they have been permitted to receive such instruction, which has more of the character building element in it than any study of their curriculum.

"Truly the good people of Madera have much to be thankful for when they observe the ever increasing interest which is being manifested in music, which, the Bard of Avon has well said, has 'Power to soothe the savage breast' and which in ever widening circles of harmony is going upward and upward until it becomes a part of the Great Eternal Song."

Our second concert was of a very different type. The programme was composed of both sacred and secular numbers. This concert was held in the Lincoln school auditorium on the evening of January 29, 1915. There was a large and very appreciative audience. Some of our numbers were:

PURPLE AND WHITE



MUSIC CLASS OF THE MADERA UNION HIGH SCHOOL.
(Professor L. W. Harvey, Instructor.)

PURPLE AND WHITE

"Hallelujah Chorus;" "Inflammatu Est" from Stabat Mater; "Tell her I Love Her So", a beautiful lyric; "The Death of Minnehaha", the exquisite cantata based on Longfellow's poem "Hiawatha."

On the evening of May 7, 1915, we assembled for our third concert. our audience as always, was large and appreciative. The Programme was varied containing several types of music. During the evening we sang, "The Heavens are Telling" from the "Creation", "The Miller's Wooing", a beautiful ballad; "Little Jack Horner," a comic number; and "Estudiantina" the beautiful Spanish student's song.

We are preparing Mendelssohn's wonderful "Hymn of Praise" for our Concert at the beginning of Commencement Week.



THE LAST DAY OF SCHOOL

A maiden bent over the kitchen sink,
Her beautiful eyes were sky blue pink;
They were wet with tears, and her nose was red,
And her hair in pigtailed hung from her head.

A pan of water before her sat
And into this the dishes went spat;
But tho' she worked with a real good will,
The briny tears from her eyes would spill.

I wondered in vain what would beguile
Tears like those from the eyes of a child.
I approached her softly then and said,
"What's the matter, my dear, is somebody dead?"

She picked up a napkin and blew her nose,
And with down cast eyes regarded her toes;
Then the tears flowed afresh and the pigtailed bobbed,
"Tis the last day of school," she softly sobbed.

ALICE BEALS, '18.

Domestic Science

MARIE DROMEY, Editor

The Domestic Science work this year has been carried on under the able direction of Miss Maria B. Anderson. The course has been interesting and comprehensive, including the serving of meals and banquets for the school receptions.

We have had the practical work three days a week and lectures twice a week. During the year, reports on the nutritive values of food, taken from reference books, have been given by the pupils.

The sewing department had an exhibit of the work done during the year, and it was well attended by the mothers of the pupils and others interested in the work. Punch and little cakes, made by the cooking classes were served.

The work next year will be conducted in a fine new building to be completed by the opening of the fall term. This course is now well established and its value and influence is appreciated more and more each year.

Commercial Department



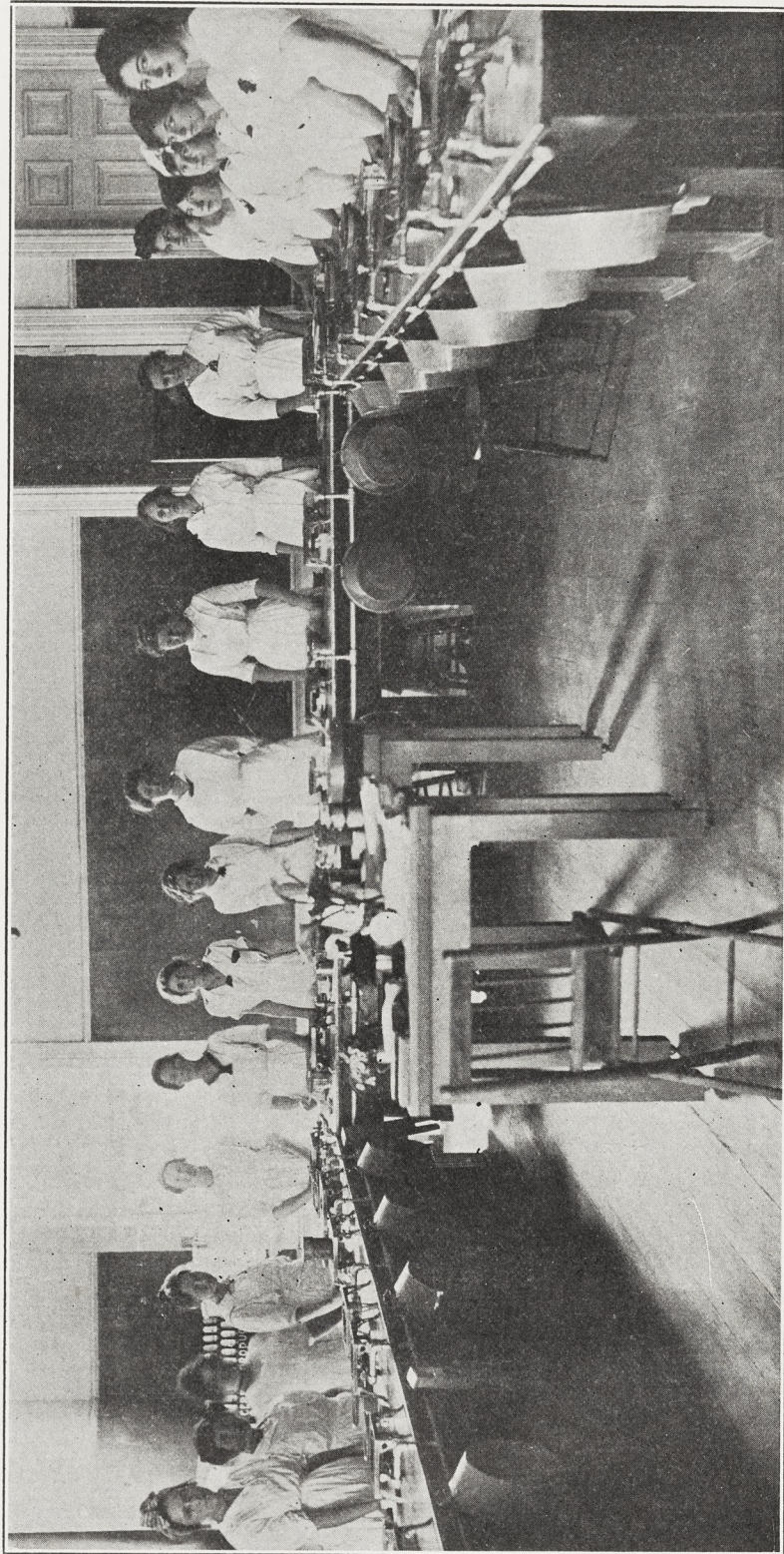
LENA NORTHERN Editor

Our Commercial department has been enlarged this year by the addition of shorthand under the direction of Miss Clark. Only those who have taken typewriting are allowed to take shorthand. The system used is Benn Pitman. There are eleven members of the High School taking this subject and all seem to be greatly interested in it, as is shown by our rapid progress. We finished the Phonographic Amanuensis by January and are now taking dictation every day until we have reached the rate of eighty words per minute.

Thirteen new Underwood typewriters have been purchased by the school and the class has increased to forty pupils. It is Mr. Mower's intention further to increase the equipment of the department by the addition of dictaphones. As they are fast supplanting the shorthand writer in business offices, it is important that those seeking business positions should be proficient in their use.

"Clickety, clack the typewriters go,
While the Freshies are working steady and slow,
A mistake is made and the Freshie so sober
Has to write the whole page over."

PURPLE AND WHITE



DOMESTIC SCIENCE DEPARTMENT

MANUAL TRAINING

HAGUE MALOYAN, Editor

Distinction is given to the forms and practices of manual training in the High School because of the following considerations:

The high school age is the period when youth approaches adult life, physically, mentally, and socially.

(1) Physically, it meets certain definite needs of this period of rapid growth and development in that it combines both mental and physical training.

(2) Mentally, it brings the boy in touch with real and concrete things in their mechanical and constructive relations, thus keeping him from entering at too early an age upon a purely mental diet.

(3) Socially, the manual work is significant in that it gives a greater degree of democracy to the school work and interests. It introduces labor and labor methods.

Realizing all the above things the Board of Trustees of the Madera Union High School has given to the school district one of the most complete Manual Training departments of any school in the State.

In the summer of 1913 in the old west side grammar school building the first equipment was installed. It consisted of sixteen work benches and a full set of tools. With this equipment we went through the first year,—at times over forty boys working on the sixteen benches. At the close of the school year the Board of Trustees seeing the great need of more equipment the following new machines were purchased, (1) planer, (1) jointer, (1) saw bench, (2) lathes, each machine driven by an individual motor, and a complete forging equipment, consisting of (1) forge and necessary tools. Besides the above named machinery eight new work benches and tools were furnished by the Madera Grammar School Trustees, making in all a very complete equipment.

The first course bench work is open to all second year students. Having passed this work with a good grade the boy is eligible to take the machine and forge work in his third year. In the machine course he becomes familiar with the use of wood working machinery and works out a definite set of problems.

PURPLE AND WHITE

The mechanical drawing course is open to the third year students who have completed their geometry and lower mathematics.

A vast amount of work has been completed in the last year, all kinds of furniture such as extension dining tables, dining chairs, library tables, writing desk, morris chairs, music cabinets, piano benches, and other numerous problems have been worked out.

Library tables, writing tables and piano benches may be seen at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco and the California Exposition at San Diego.

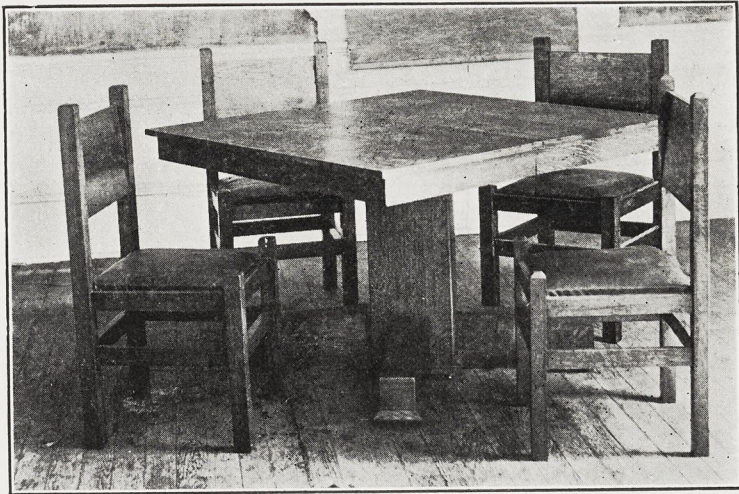
A novel problem worked out by the class and sent to the exposition at San Francisco was a chess board and hand carved chess men made out of Madera native woods. This piece of work has attracted considerable attention and shows the high degree of skill and deftness the boys have obtained in the manual training department.

The High School Trustees at present are considering plans for a new manual training building, which when finished will be as complete as any in the state, and will be used for both manual training and domestic science.

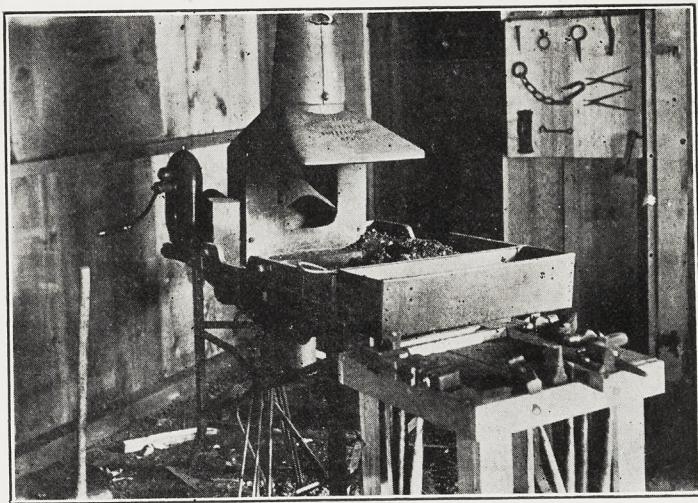


FURNITURE MADE BY THE MEMBERS OF THE MANUAL
TRAINING DEPARTMENT

PURPLE AND WHITE



READY FOR THE DINING ROOM—A PRODUCT OF THE
MANUAL TRAINING DEPARTMENT



WHERE THE FORGING IS DONE IN THE MANUAL
TRAINING DEPARTMENT



DRAMATICS

(DOROTHY WHITING, Editor)

On the evening of May 19, 1915 the play, "A Scrap of Paper" was produced by the students of Madera High School. It was a perfect production from beginning to end. The large audience which witnessed the play was very much pleased with it. A statement which was made by one of the audience seems to voice every one's thoughts; this was, "The play was the best which Madera High School has ever produced. Each member of the cast was suited perfectly to his part. But all the praise should not be given to the cast, for the hardest work was very ably done by Mrs. Burch, who worked the play up to its fine point."

The plot of the play is centered around a scrap of paper which Louise de Merival, afterward the baroness, wrote to Prosper Couramont on the eve of her departure for Paris to be married to Baron de La Glaciere. After three years Prosper and Louise met at a house party which the Baron de La Glaciere, and his wife, Louise were giving at their chateau. During the houseparty Prosper learned of the letter written three years before but which he had never received, and planned to get it from the statuette in which it had been concealed during these years. Louise, fearing that the jealousy of the Baron would be aroused should he learn of her former attachment to Prosper, feels that this remaining evidence of her former love should be destroyed. To help her out of her difficulty, Suzanne, a cousin of Louise who was also at the houseparty, decides to go to Prosper's room, find, and burn the letter. While she and Louise are there, the Baron comes in. Louise escapes to an adjoining room and Suzanne, in order to explain her own presence there, tells the Baron she loves Prosper. The Baron takes up this idea and resolves that Prosper shall marry Suzanne. The letter which Prosper throws out of the window is picked up by Brismouche, a scientist, while Prosper and Suzanne are frantically searching for it. One evening after dinner the guests were assembled in the conservatory when Brismouche bursts in upon them with the letter. In order to save Louise, and to keep the Baron from learning the contents of the letter, she has Prosper burn it, and the same time happily consents to become his wife.

The cast was:

Baron de La Glaciere	MATHEW CONLEY
Louise de La Glaciere	ARTIE GORDON
Prosper Couramont	DONAALD LEIDIG
Suzanne de Ruseville	HAZEL APPLING

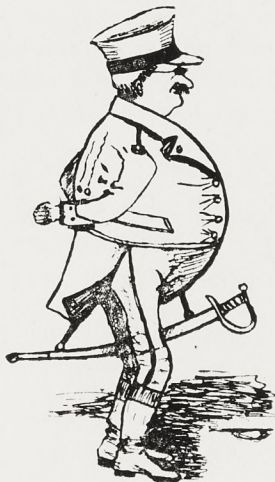
PURPLE AND WHITE

Anatole	WALDO WOODARD
Brismouche	LESLIE STEVENS
Mme. Zenobe	JOEDWIN WILLIS
Mme. Matilda de Merival	RUTH WILLIAMS
Madam Dupont	DOROTHY WHITING
Pauline	MIRIAM HEALY
Francois	CARL MEILIKE
Baptiste	CLIFFORD GOODRICH

"Galliger" is the play which the Seniors have decided to give on June 19, 1915.

The cast is:

Mrs. Martha Grindem (the Principal's wife)	PAULINE STAHL
Professor John Grindem (the Principal)	WALDO WOODARD
Mrs. William Morton (his-mother-in-law)	FLORENCE FLOTO
Mr. Markam Wright (Professor of Science)	MATHEW CONLEY
Margaret Woodard, (a Freshman)	EFFIE RABURN
Galliger Gurdy (a special)	CHARLIE MOORE
Frank Sawyer (President of Senior Class)	DONALD LEIDIG
Millicent Cameron (Secretary of Senior Class)	GRACE LATHAM
Bessie Tapping (a Senior)	MARGUERITE MURRAY
Mame Hensell (a Junior)	FRIEDA KEGEL
Mrs. Bettie Snitters (a scrub-lady)	LUCILLE RING
Mary (house maid)	ROSA SCHEFFING



"I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier"

The Storm

I.

The waves dashed high on the rugged shore,
The heavens had turned to grey;
The lonely windswept cliffs tower'd high
O'er the surge of the seething spray.

II.

Far out the snowy seagulls flew,
Above the ship as it toiled alone;
In shrieks the tossing siren blew,
To warn those who neared their home.

III.

The night grew dark, but the storm raged on
O'er waters so deep and grand;
No more the light house keeper's song
Re-echoed throughout the land.

IV.

The lightning flashed on the foaming sea,
The thunder followed fast;
The wild wind howled with angry glee,
But the sailors clung to the mast.

V.

The gallant bark still labored on,
The helmsman stood at his post;
No word came from his silent lips,
As they swept tow'rd the rock bound coast.

VI.

They were dashed against a jagged rock
By the cruel and angry waves,
The Heavens and Earth both seemed to mock
As they passed to their watery graves.

VII.

When morning came with the rising sun.
The wreckage decked the shore;
And once again the sands were dry,
For the raging storm was o'er.

RUTH WILLIAMS

PURPLE AND WHITE

CLASS NOTES



SENIOR NOTES



EFFIE RABURN

Here's to the Senior Class,
The class of the gold and white,
Four years we've labored together here,
For justice and the right.
Here's to the Senior class,
We're leaving you; and yet,
There's so much here we hold so dear,
Though we go we'll never forget!

September 7—We are dignified on the first day of our Senior year. We do not even smile. The Freshmen, awestruck at our dignity, hastily move from the back to the front of the Assembly Room to make way for us.

September 8—Familiar sights in shape of Miss Reeve and Mr. Kahl appear on horizon. We are glad to see them. We meet the new teachers, Miss Clark and Mrs. Burch. Verdict—we like them.

September 9—We are now settled in our course and our Senior year promises to be the happiest of all the years in dear old Madera High.

September 15—The Seniors are finding out how little they know of History. However, from the length of the lessons being assigned, we expect to be authorities on the subject.

September 16—Mrs. Burch is determined to make us authorities on debating, also.

September 20—The teachers have a conspiracy against us. Each one is trying to excell the other in giving long lessons.

September 28—Mr. Mower talked one hour today.

September 29—One today.

October 8—Great excitement in History class! Lucile, with murder in her eye, endeavors to "swat the fly" and hits her knuckles on the desk. Fly escapes.

October 12—Senior Virgil class, composed of four girls, discusses late songs while Mr. Mower expatiates on the unrelenting heart of Juno.

PURPLE AND WHITE

Yesterday, they discussed the latest steps of the "Butterfly." Florence gesticulated wildly; Mr. Mower raved on, oblivious.

October 25—Whole class shade their eyes at sight of Dave's new tie. We are wondering where the fire was.

October 29—Debate today. The speakers hasten to the front of the room, fortify themselves behind the desk, race through a stuttering, shrill voiced speech, and stumble back to their seats with white faces, but overwhelmed with joy that it is over.

November 1.—Thanks be! This is November. Even Seniors chortle with glee at the coming of Thanksgiving.

November 2—Well! Indignation overwhelms the Senior class. We were told that no one would ever know we were Seniors; and all because we laugh once in a while.

November 6—The physics class looks haggard and pale. Test today! Miss Pickett gives it!

November 12—Can lessons be much longer?

November 14—Miss Clark, speaking very rapidly in History review, "Grace, tell me all you know about Champagne."

November 20—Mr. Mower confirms the fear that theses will be required at this year's graduation exercises.

Dismay—groans—wails.

November 21—Senior, giving History report on "Uncle Tom's Cabin" "They even gave out this novel in serials. (cereals)"

November 22—Miss Clark, "Charles, tell me who invented Eli Whitney's cotton gin?"

Dec. 12—The Chemistry class had an attack of the giggles. They laughed at anything. After moving the members of the class to different parts of the room in vain, Miss Pickett gave up in despair. She is dubious as to our sanity.

December 13—Pauline, in History, much wrought up, "Wisil war was wound to wome!" This means "Civil war was bound to come."

January 2—Vacation's over! Long faces! Even Miss Reeve refuses to smile!

January 4—Lucile rushed madly down the hall, waving test paper and shouting "I've got it! I've got it!" She collided with Mr. Harvey, who vainly tried to escape. Guess Mr. Harvey agrees with her.

January 20.—After weeks of training members of Senior English class imagine they are Daniel Websters. They strike melodramatic attitudes, strut, scowl ferociously at every one.

January 28—Mrs. Burch in English IV, "Pauline who wrote Canterbury tales?" Pauline, who is gazing dreamily into space, "Rey" Rest of the class tap their heads knowingly and sympathetically.

February 1—"This is the forest primeval,"—pardon me—I mean, "This is the month of examinations."

PURPLE AND WHITE

February 2—Dave suddenly discovers that he must pass examinations to get necessary graduation credits.

February 4—Dave spends one hour telling a tale of woe to Miss Anderson in the hall.

February 5—He spends another hour telling Miss Clark.

February 6—Whole class excited over Dave.

February 22—Thank goodness! Dave has passed all of his examinations successfully. Atmosphere is charged with tragedy.

March 3—The Seniors proudly display their class pins. Of course they are quite the prettiest any class ever had.

March 8—Dave, on being suddenly awakened from slumber in History class, "I pass."

March 20—Peggy slides up to the front of room to give report—makes report—slides very suddenly back to seat. Charles, (wide eyed) "My! Peg slipped, didn't she?"

March 30—Miss Pickett reads chemistry class report to-day. O, what is so rare as an "R" in chemistry?

April 1—This is April Fools day. Ask Rey or Lucille about marsh-mallows a la' quinine.

April 2—Florence tries to convince History class that Christ was born in Constantinople. No one can say the seniors are not original at least.

April 5—Effie, "O, dear!" David, "Speaking to me?" Effie, "O, no, I didn't swear."

April 6—O the knowledge of the Senior Latin class! O, their eyes of blankety blankness when Mr. Mower speaks fluently of caesurae, diaereses, ellipsis, asyndeton, hendiadys, epizeuxis. Florence thinks Hendiadys some kind of disease hens have.

April 29—Senior class meeting.. Plan program. Everybody talks at once.

May 6—Miss Pickett, looking at chemistry class, "Everything is getting so nice and green now."

May 7th—All teachers think we intend following in the footsteps of Secretary Bryan, judging from amount of speaking we do.

May 8—Dave tried to confirm his impression by bringing a bottle of grape juice to History class. Miss Clark took it.

May 20—Miss Pickett, "Frieda, tell me all you know about match-making."

May 21—Miss Pickett, "Where are Rey?" Bill, "I don't know where he are!"

May 22—The close is drawing nigh. The hour of parting comes on the wings of Time. Soon we'll be Alumni. So—

Farewell dear old High School,
Soon we'll be gone,
We go with hope in the zenith,
For 'tis not evening—but dawn.

Finis.



JUNIOR NOTES

(By JOEDWIN WILLIS)

September 7—School opens and we find ourselves a step higher on the educational ladder. As the school is crowded, the Junior girls are obliged to sit at a table in the front of the room until the new desks arrive. Our class has been increased by the addition of two new members; Artie and Gertie have joined our ranks.

October 7—One month has passed and we are digging away.

October 9—We have lost one of our best last year pupils, who was married during the summer. Here's hoping Mattie Baker Appling the best of luck.

October 21—We are holding our own in the various school activities; there are five Junior girls on the basket ball team.

October 29—Ask Ethel if she ever saw a watch run backward. She and Lena have been late to History for the last three mornings and their excuses have come to an end.

November 25—We had a report on the Friars and a Current Event report on Turkey; this was very appropriate, as Thanksgiving is near.

December 15—Mary—"I went to church last night."

Viola—"Really!"

Mary—"No, artificially."

December 18—Hurrah! vacation is here. We greet it with the best of cheer.

January 14—Vacation is over and it's dig—dig—dig.

PURPLE AND WHITE

February 4—Joedwin, explaining the beginning of trial by jury, "Why, they had men to swear for them."

February 19—The mid-year examinations have put a cloud over our jolly class this week, and we all feel sadly under the weather.

February 22—Our class furnished the programme in honor of Washington's birthday; It proved a great success. Many visitors were present.

March 1—Isabel B. has been greatly worked up over the small-pox scare. In describing the English War she said, "They broke out all over."

March 10—Ruth Williams was forced to sit still in German today, for she accidentally sat down on somebody's gum.

March 22—Mr. Kahl is certainly good when it comes to illustrating things. If some one had accidentally stepped into our History class this morning while he was illustrating the use of the flail, he would have thought that he was doing either the "Tango" or the "Fox Trot."

March 30—We are enjoying a half-day vacation, in order to give the Faculty a chance to take the children to the circus.

April 12—Do not make the mistake of thinking of the Junior class as a dead one, devoted only to hard study. On the contrary, it is one of the most wide awake classes in the High School. More than half of the characters of the play, "A Scrap of Paper", are from the Junior class.

April 14—What is it that is so exciting in our English Class, that we lose no time in getting there when the bell sounds?

(Ask Mrs. Burch, she knows)

April 24—Ethel, in giving a Current Event report in English—"They bottled them up in alcohol with some Greek name attached to them."

May 21—Mary failed to answer a question in English today. (Wonder what is going to happen.)

June 11—Hurrah! Only two more weeks of school. Then we will bid you all Farewell, until we come back as Seniors.



PURPLE AND WHITE



MEMBERS OF THE JUNIOR CLASS



SOPHOMORE NOTES

(MARIE DROMEY)



September 7—We are back again as Sophomores this year. Some class mates have gone, others have come; our class enrollment is twenty-five at present.

September 8—We are getting acquainted with the new teachers and encountering first year pupils at every turn. It seems as though there were a thousand instead of fifty-six of them.

September 8—We're buckling down to hard work and carrying loads of books.

September 16—Mrs. Burch—"What kind of bush is meant by thorn?"

Harry—"Gooseberry bush."

September 21—Wonder where Mr. Mower spent his vacation. He actually uses slang!!!

September 28—Louise—"The Germans have invented a new metal which is lighter than 'alumni' and as flexible as steel."

October 1-M.—(indignantly to A. who persists in dipping while dancing)—"do you think I'd dance with a dipper?" (We hope you won't have to, M.)

October 5—Miriam—"We had some soap in Los Banos that was pale yellow, flavored with violets."

October 5—Donald says he can't remember Geometry in his head. (Wonder where his memory is located)

October 8—Mr. Kahl—"For what were the falcons used?" Miss Meilike, brightly—"To hunt the hawks."

October 15—Miss Reeve in Geometry,——"Don't you see that Waldo is based on this postulate?"

October 16—Sabina, in English—"Cervantes set out one night, real early in the morning."

PURPLE AND WHITE

October 27—Maurine gives us an illustration of her powerful memory by quoting, "I remember, I remember, the day that I was born."

"November 4—Mrs. Burch—"What does 'bliss' mean, Clifford?" Clifford—"Married life."

November 9—Alliene, in History—"John Scotus Eugene was an Irish layman who traveled in the yeast."

November 11—Mr. Kahl, in History—"Miss Donovan isn't here or we'd give her 'The Black Death.'" (cruel man!!)

November 19.—Mr. Kahl—"On what grounds did Louis XI. seize Lotharingia, Miss Eastin?" Arethusa—"Why, he didn't have any grounds, so he just took it."

December 11—Mr. Mower informs his Latin II. class that there has been only one free man since the beginning of time, and that was Adam before his wife was created.

December 18.—At last! We shall have a rest from our strenuous (?) duties for two blessed weeks.

January 4—We're back again, but oh! how short that vacation seemed, and as to our knowledge, what haven't we forgotten? It's really surprising.

January 4—Everyone is telling of his New Year's resolutions. Wonder how long they'll be kept.

January 4—And with the New Year comes Martha Prentice of Colorado to swell the ranks of our class. We are very glad to have Martha with us.

January 5.—Mr. Kahl, though an Easterner, is an ardent booster for California. He spent the whole period in discussing the San Diego and San Francisco expositions.

January 6—Mr. Harvey demonstrates the superiority of the English II. class by taking a spelling examination with us.

January 7—Mr. Kahl—"Melanchthon wrote a Greek grammar about the age of sixteen." (Funny thing he wrote a grammar about.)

January 15—Miss Reeve informs us that it's only two weeks until mid-year. We are beginning to get scared already, for we are afraid some of the teachers think we believe "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise", and will grade accordingly.

January 20—Mrs. Burch, excitedly prompting a recitation in English II,—"Water! Water!"

January 22—The cooking class is certainly learning things. For instance, Miriam says that chickens are being held over a fire to burn off the feathers, and Marie informs us that okra is a kind of cabbage.

January 25—Mr. Mower, "How can you tell when a man is bald?"—"By the absence of his hair."

February 2—Donald tries to remodel the dictionary, but is squelched by Mrs. Burch, when he says that o-p-u-m-i-o-m spells opium.

PURPLE AND WHITE

February 9—Miss Anderson (after correcting examination papers)—
“I’ve discovered that chickens have knees and hips.”

February 10—Sabina caused quite a disturbance in the class by pushing one of her teeth out this morning.

February 15—Examinations!! Oh, how we hope the teachers will be merciful.

September 21—Class election—Very important.

February 22—Examinations over! Thank goodness! We can breathe freely for at least four months now.

March 1—Mr. Kahl—“What treaty caused Spain’s loss of the Netherlands?” Bright History Student—“Peace of Visalia in 1648!”

March 22—Donald tries his hand at starting styles. He came to school today wearing low tan shoes with one brilliant blue and one bright purple sock.

March 30—Today is circus day. We went to see the parade. Someone told us that one of the exhibits in it was an ostrich and most of us believed it. (We found out later that it was a llama!)

April 2—We have vacation again for a week; institute.

April 13—We’re slightly refreshed and studying like sixty again.

May 7—Five weeks until examinations come again and then vacation.

“Farewell, old High” we’ll then say
And cease our tasks for a while,
But next September we’ll come back again,
Upon you as Juniors to smile.



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MEMBERS OF SOPHOMORE CLASS

FRESHMEN NOTES



(ALICE BEALS)

September 7—At last we have reached our goal! When we entered the study hall we were greeted by a deafening clapping of hands, which fussed us dreadfully. When we left the room, everyone clapped again, so we had a regular little game of "clap in and clap out."

September 10—We think we are bright, because we are trying to learn Latin.

September 15—"How do you like Algebra?" is the question. The answer is — — — "Nuff sed."

September 30—Mr. Kahl says we are not very good at making maps. Of course we agree with him.

October 6—Matteo gave the best speech in English on the subject of his trip to Rome, Italy, and Chowchilla.

October 14—There is great talk of the Freshmen reception. Miss Clark says we will be treated like "baby dolls."

October 19—The reception over, the report is "had a dandy time."

November 7—The Freshmen girls feel quite important because they defeated the grammar school girls at basket ball.

November 12—We are sorry to have Ralph Glenn, Tilford Thomason, and Louis Row leave us.

November 25—We are glad to have Thanksgiving vacation.

December 5—Still plodding away with our studies.

December 11—Allan Q. in Latin translation, "The savage monsters killed all the houses."

December 18—We feel very important, as twelve of our Freshmen girls are to serve at the Alumni Banquet. Merry Christmas and Happy New Year! we are free for two solid weeks.

January 4—Back to school with New Year's resolutions fresh in our minds.

January 5—Mr. Kahl gives us an interesting talk about his trip to the San Diego exposition.

January 8—We are making plans for the English party. We are having an interesting contest, and it is soon to close with a spelling match between the A and B sections.

PURPLE AND WHITE



MEMBERS OF THE FRESHMAN CLASS

PURPLE AND WHITE

January 25—We all enjoyed a good time at the English Class party Friday night. We were entertained by a serenade of firecrackers. The B section won.

January 27—Miss Clark tells us that we write better compositions than the Seniors; just think, we are only Freshmen.

January 29—Mid-term ex's will soon be here. Many Freshies grow pale when Miss Reeve describes the coming algebra ex.

February 5—Miss Clark, speaking to Jessie T. "What task was Sisyphus condemned to perform?"

Jessie: "Oh! he had to roll a hill up a stone."

February 13—This is our last day before the long dreaded ex's.

March 1—Muriel W. in history, "They put the government into the hands of a single man."

March 9—Miss Clark is drilling the class in Grammar.

March 16—Mr. Kahl, "What are savages?" Edmond Desmond, "People that eat each other."

March 21—We began Ivanhoe today. We think it will be lots more interesting than grammar.

March 26—Miss Reeve gave us an interesting talk on honesty today.

April 1—Mr. Kahl tells us that we giggle too much over nothing during current events.

April 2—"Hurrah! no school next week." "Why?" "Because it's institute week, and all the teachers are going to San Francisco to see the exposition.

April 12—Back again working hard to make up for lost time.

April 14—Miss Clark in English class, "Alice, I should think you could draw Wamba." Alice—"I guess I could if he would pose for me."

April 16—We heard some very interesting reports in English today.

June 16—Only a short while and we will be Freshmen no longer. We will be Sophomores of Madera Union High School.





ETHEL M'CUMBER, '16



THE Girls Basket Ball Team has had a very successful year. They won the championship of this division of the league, and played for the Valley championship against Hanford, losing by a score of 26-24, the game being played on the Hanford court. Their record for the year is eight games won and three games lost, and this entitles them to wear the block M.

The season started bright and early as four of the last year's team remained to kindle the fires of enthusiasm. This is the first time that the Girl's team has been fortunate enough to have a "real" coach from the ranks of the faculty. Much thanks must be given to Miss Clark for the energy and time she has devoted to the team. She is an authority on the game and, through her untiring efforts, the girls have been able to build up one of the strongest teams the Madera High School has ever put into the field. She held up a new ideal before the girls. In years past the only object of the basketball management has been to develop a winning team. This year we endeavored to interest all the girls in the game and to give to as many as would take it an opportunity not only to practice Basket Ball but also to play in real games.

After we had placed this new ideal before the girls, many looked forward to the first practice with eagerness. It was not difficult to get enough girls to practice. So many responded to the notice in fact, that it became necessary to assign certain days of the week to certain girls. The girls who have come out for Basket Ball are: Grace Latham, Alice Beals, Alpha Keys, Mary Mickel, Artye Gordon, Marjorie Rhodes, Genievieve Wren, Carol Wilkinson, Vivian McCabe, Arethusa Eastin, Florence Hunter, Agnes Helm, Ethel Williams, Bea Hardin, Irene Glass, Jessie Tolliday, Josephine Oliva, Clara Late, Muriel Wright, Margaret Donovan, Gladys Neighbor, and Gladys Ward.

PURPLE AND WHITE



THE BASKET BALL SQUAD

The regular first team is: Forwards, Dot Whiting, Captain, and Effie Raburn, Manager; Centers, Hazel Appling and Ethel McCumber; Guards, Lena Northern and Gladys Stevens.

PURPLE AND WHITE

The first two games of the season were between two teams chosen from those who came out to practice and called the Purple and White teams. The purpose of these games was to give as many girls as possible the actual experience of playing in a game of Basket Ball. The Purples won the first game by the score of 12-11 and the second by the score of 14-13.

MADERA 28, EASTON 8

The first game with an outside team was played on the Madera court with the team from Easton. The Easton girls played a good game, but Madera's team work surpassed theirs, and they lost by a score of 28-8.

On the same afternoon, the Lincoln Grammar School team played the Freshmen team. The Freshmen were far superior to the Grammar school girls and they won by a score of 37-5.

In the evening the Girl's Athletic Association entertained the two teams at a girl's jinks.

MADERA 13, EASTON 10

(December 5)

The Girl's Basket Ball team went to Easton to play the return game.

PURPLE AND WHITE



GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM IN ACTION

The team was at a disadvantage because Dot Whiting, the captain, was not able to go. With the motto; "Where there's a will, there's a way" in mind, the girls determined to win the game. It was hot and heavy throughout, but Madera was victorious. The score was 13-10.

After the game we had a delightful time. The Easton girls proved themselves to be excellent hostesses.

MADERA 29, CLOVIS 24

One of the speediest games of the season was played in Madera with the Clovis Girls' team. What the result would be was doubtful until the close of the game, as both teams were so evenly matched. Much to our delight, we made some brilliant plays the last two minutes and were victorious by a score of 29-24.

SELMA 13, MADERA 5

(January 16)

We received Le Grande's forfeit to Madera of the first League game. As the letter was received at an early date, the manager, Effie Raburn, arranged for a game with Selma. The Selma girls have held the championship of the Valley for several years. So we felt we were up against a stiff team. The game was very exciting but, owing to our nervousness at playing Selma's renowned team, we were defeated by a score of 13-5.

MADERA 20, KERMÁN 9

(January 23)

The Madera Girls motored to Kerman this afternoon. The game was played outside. The first half was played by four substitutes and two of the regular team. The teams were evenly matched with this line up. As a result the score was 2-0 in Madera's favor at the end of the first half.

At the beginning of the second-half the regular team played, displaying some "real" team work. The ball was in Madera's territory most of the time. When the whistle blew the score was 20-9 in Madera's favor.

The Kerman girls entertained us at a luncheon after the game. We

PURPLE AND WHITE

certainly had a splendid time and departed for home in good spirits.

(January 29)

The league game scheduled with Orosi for this date, had to be postponed because of rainy weather.

(February 13)

Fresno forfeited the league game to Madera.

OROSI 19, MADERA 18

(February 20)

We went to Orosi to play our last league game, owing to the rainy weather, Orosi was unable to furnish a suitable court. The game was played on a slippery dance floor, minus canvas or rosin, which is against league rules. We played, however, and were defeated, the score being 18-19. The game was protested.

MADERA 15, OROSI 14

(March 6)

Our protest of the first game was not allowed and thus the entire league was tied up, since each team in the league had won two games and lost one. The entire schedule of games had to be played again.

Orosi came to Madera to play. A fast, uncertain game took place, but when the final whistle blew the score was 15-14. The Orosi girls took defeat in a manner that showed splendid sportsmanship and they departed with the satisfaction of having played a good game.

MADERA 41, FRESNO 11

(March 12)

Madera played Fresno at the rink on this date. The game was one-sided, as Madera's team work was far superior to Fresno's. The score was 41-11 in Madera's favor. This game gave Madera the Championship of the middle section.

HANFORD 26, MADERA 24

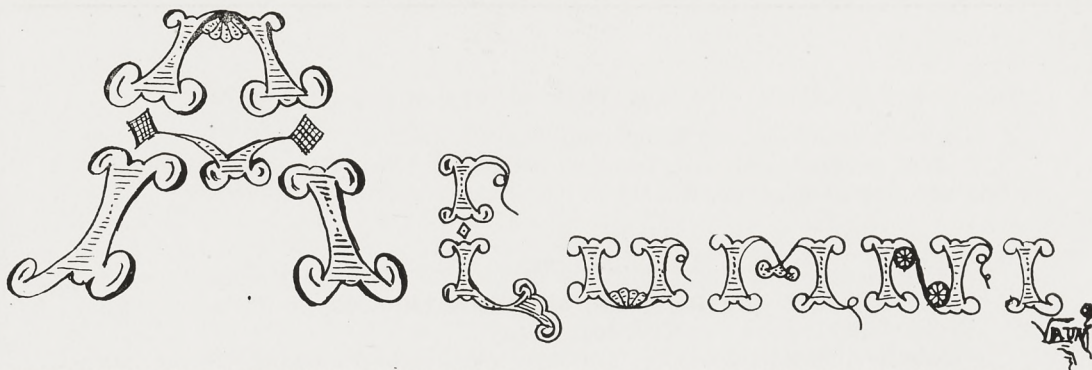
(April 3)

The Madera girls motored to Hanford to play for the championship of the San Joaquin Valley.

The two teams were very evenly matched. A most exciting game took place. The two teams struggled hard for the lead and the result was doubtful until the final whistle blew. The first half, however, ended in Hanford's favor by a score of 15-10. The second half was even more of a contest than the first. The Madera girls displayed some excellent team work and did their best to bring home the laurels, but the whistle blew before they could tie the score and the championship of the Valley went to Hanford by a score of 26-24.

The Madera girls took defeat like warriors of old and begrudged not the victory of the Hanford girls, although it was hard to come home and say, "We lost the Valley championship by two points."

"The season ends,
Our story told,
Until next year
In glories bold,
Our team will win,
And be the head
Of all the teams
In California."



LOUISE MEILIKE, '17

On last June, the twenty-fifth, the night after the high school graduation exercises, the first Alumni Banquet was held and the Alumni welcomed the Class of Nineteen Fourteen into their ranks.

At this banquet was formed a permanent Alumni Association and the following officers were elected: President—Craig Cunningham; vice-president—Mrs. W. R. Curtin; secretary—Will Isackson; treasurer—Carl Newman.

The purpose of this association is to form a closer tie between the High School students and the Alumni; so that the Alumni will feel an increasing interest in the High School, not only because of the many happy days they spent there but also because of the present good work the High School is doing in training its boys and girls to become useful men and women in the world, and in forming in them an ambition to give their share to humanity.

This Association is to meet every June on the night following the graduation exercises and, as the banquet for the Class of '15 is to be the 'best ever', it is earnestly desired that all the Alumni attend.

ALUMNI LIST

1897

George W. Mordecai is practicing law in San Francisco.
George Nicholson is in business in Los Angeles.
Irene Slaten (Mrs. D. B. Wilson) resides in Madera.
James O'Meara lives in Stockton.
Lois Gregg (Mrs. D. H. Reid) resides in Tuolumne.
Merle Rush makes Nebraska his home.
Margaret O'Meara (Mrs. Munkton) lives in Alaska.

1898

Alice Stockton teaches in Fresno.
Cora Kessler (Mrs. Blackie) resides in Inglewood.
Leo Woodson is manager of the store at Sugar Pine.

1899

Craig Cunningham is Superintendent of the schools of Madera county.
Leroy Kendall resides in Oakland.
Louise Mordecai resides near Madera.
Mayme Saunders teaches in the Madera schools.
Nellie Dwyer (Mrs. W. Matthews) resides near Madera.
Sophie Wolters resides at Borden.
William Clark teaches in Richmond, Virginia.

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1900

Dow Ransome is practicing medicine in Madera.
Lorena Kendall (Mrs. J. Boling) resides in Corcoran, Kings County.
Mary Trincano (Mrs. M. Harris) resides in Seattle, Washington.

1901

Arthur Belcher is engaged in the draying business in Madera.
Ben Preciado is manager of the store of C. Preciado in Madera.
Frank Cook resides in Oakland.
Gertrude Edwards (Mrs. J. Hollister) resides in Madera.
Ila Woodson (Mrs. W. R. Curtin) resides in Madera.
W. R. Curtin is county clerk of Madera county.

1902

Etta Miller (Mrs. A. Ladd) resides in Madera.
Herbert Shaddle is engaged in business in Turlock.
Ida Bailey teaches in Fresno.
Kenneth Hughes is in business in Williams, Arizona.

1903

Alice Cunningham (Mrs. Pitman) resides in Fresno.
Ethel Westfall (Mrs. Ed James) resides in Taft.
Mabel Metz (Mrs. A. E. Becker) resides in Richmond.
Ruby Metz (Mrs. H. Pluto) resides in Richmond.

1904

Bertha Wootten (Mrs. George Ladd) resides in Madera.
Lettie Currans (Mrs. Leason) makes Madera her home.
Mae Cook resides in Oakland.
Maude Bowman (Mrs. Bryan) makes Pasadena her home.
Maude Williams (Mrs. Hickey) resides in Turlock.
Virginia Larew (Mrs. Rue) resides in Oakland.

1905

Abram Preciado is in newspaper business in Spokane.
Elsie Edwards teaches in Madera.
Florence Reid teaches kindergarten in Sacramento.
Lou Montanya (Mrs. Wm. Holding) makes Madera her home.
Rhodes Borden resides in Madera.

1906

Agnes E. Cook (Mrs. J. Walling) resides in Madera.
Belle Hosler teaches in Madera.
Corrinne Lornaz makes Nevada her home.
Cornelius Appling resides in Fresno.
Dorothy Belcher (Mrs. Bartman) resides in Newman.
Ella M. Ransome (Mrs. C. Cunningham) resides in Madera.
Frances McFadden resides in Madera.
Frances Alley (Mrs. Wm. Boring) makes Madera her home.
Georgie Dodson is a nurse in Prairie City, Oregon.
Horace Bailey is in business in Los Angeles.
Irene Bryan teaches in Alameda.
Larew Woodson is book-keeper for Thurman Door Co.
Lillian Wood (Mrs. Wm. Meek) resides in Patterson.

PURPLE AND WHITE

Naomi Heiskell is teaching in Madera.
Olive Wood (Mrs. Slaus View) resides in Sanger.

1907

Carl Newman holds a position in the Commercial Bank of Madera.
Cora Cook (Mrs. Wm. Desmond) resides in Berenda.
Eva Dodd (Mrs. Sunbroug) resides in Herndon.
Lydia Hosler teaches in Madera.
Leroy Hall assists his father in carpenter business in Madera.
Mayme Glock is studying to be a librarian in Sacramento.
Merle Goucher (Mrs. C. Daulton) resides at Daulton Ranch.

1908

Addie Cook resides in Madera.
Birdie Appling makes Madera her home.
Evalyn Hall (Mrs. Bixby) resides in Easton.
Elmo Clark resides in Madera.
Gladys Footman teaches in Madera.
Howard Clark works in Tribune Office.
Isabel McFadden is teaching in Madera.
Isabel Metz is book-keeper in Meaderis Mill.
Lillian Wood (Mrs. L. Cooper) resides in Berenda.
Lillian McKenzie (Mrs. Gerson Price) lives in Madera.
Lola McLellan (Mrs. Patterson) resides in Madera.
Margaret O'Meara resides in Madera.
Margaret Freeland (Mrs. C. Duncan) resides at Oxnard.
Shirley Wilson resides in Madera.
William Reid is a dentist in Madera.

1909

Edith Hall teaches in Madera County.
Frank Desmond resides on Daulton Ranch.
Gladys Hunter (Mrs. S. Wilson) resides in Madera.
Hallie Gleason is practicing law in Los Angeles.
Harry Ross holds a good position in Montana.
Helen Whitehead teaches in Madera.
Henry C. Daulton resides on Daulton Ranch.
Jeannette Bailey teaches in Fresno.
Lucile Heiskell (Mrs. F. Desmond) resides on Daulton Ranch.
Roy Scott resides in Madera.
Russworth Bennett resides in Madera.
Sanford C. Enos resides in Coalinga.

1910

Bertie Raburn resides in Madera.
Chester Vanderburgh attends Stanford.
Frank Reid makes Madera his home.
Gladys Renfro (Mrs. A. Beck) resides in Madera.
Jack Dodson lives in Oakland.
Lucile Fortune works in office of the tax collector.
Lenna Skaggs teaches in Madera County.
Sadie O'Meara lives in Madera.

1911

Bernice Woodson teaches in Lochfort.
Charley High works in Commercial Bank.
Columbus Appling lives near Madera.
Erna Wehrmann holds a position in Wehrmann & Meilike.
Faustina Wren teaches in Madera Co.

PURPLE AND WHITE

Florence Latham teaches in Fairmead.
John Gordon holds a position in Madera Abstract Office.
Lelia Schmidt teaches in Madera Co.
Lewis Wright works in a bank in Fresno.
Milnor Blowers attends Redlands.
Ona Honeycutt teaches in Madera.

1912

David Glock works in Madera.
Dora Wren attends the Domestic Science College in Santa Barbara.
Earl Cardwell works in bank in Fresno.
Hazel Crow resides in Fresno.
Hazel Osborn attends U. C.
Hilda Footman teaches in Madera.
Isabel Bennett resides in Madera.
John Owens lives near Madera.
Mae Burgess (Mrs. W. Rhodes) resides in San Francisco.
Mae Wood teaches in Munich.
Philip Conley attends U. C.
Winna High attends Conservatory of Music in San Jose.

1913

Agnes Briscoe attends Fresno Normal.
Annie Noble goes to U. C.
Bessie Smith attends Redlands.
Bessie Vanderburg attends U. C.
Ethel Hardell holds position in Chamber of Commerce Office.
Estella Moore attends U. C.
Florence Belcher goes to San Jose Normal.
Helen Froom resides in Madera.
Henry McFadden holds position in Rosenthal & Kutner.
Jeanette Blowers goes to Redlands.
Leslie Conley holds position in Chamber of Commerce Office.
Linton Montanya resides near Madera.
Lucia Whiting attends Fresno Normal.
Margaretha Wehrmann attends U. C.
Nellie Secara goes to U. C.
Paul Husted attends Dental school in Los Angeles.
Retta Honeycutt goes to San Jose Normal.
Trueman Wood goes to U. C.
Virginia Craig attends San Diego Normal.
Will Ring holds position with Wells Fargo in Visalia.
Will Isackson holds position in Tighe-Breyfogle.

1914

Edith Howe attends San Jose Normal.
Elizabeth Washington goes to U. C.
Everett Honeycutt attends Redlands.
Grace Crow goes to San Jose Normal.
Helen Whiting attends U. C.
Helen Wilkinson resides in Madera.
Marie Brown attends San Jose Normal.
Ruby Russell attends San Jose Normal.
Stella Turk goes to Stockton Normal.



BILL MICKEL

Song of the Josh Editor:

How dear to by heart are the josh contributions,
When kindly reporters present them to view;
But him who won't write, I will not here censure,
For perhaps gentle reader, that one may be you.

Miss Reeve—"Who invented the first geometry problem?"

Goodrich—"Noah".

Miss Reeve—"Your guessing, now."

Goodrich—"Didn't he construct the Arc B. C.

Mr. Kahl—(Hist. II., discussing European War.) "Please watch the movements of Turkey later on."

Agnes Helm—"Yes Sir, next Thanksgiving."

Ruth Blowers—(Teaching a Sunday School Class) "Do you know where little boys go when they smoke?"

Wise little fellow—"Up the alley."

Douglas H. (Looking at some shorthand on the board) "Billie, what is that on the board?"

Billie—"It looks like some new tango steps."

A FRESHMAN'S PRAYER,

Now I lay me down to rest,
For tomorrow's awful test,
If I should die before I wake,
Thank Heaven! I've no exam. to take.

The boy stood in the chapel,
He didn't hear the bell,
So when he went to Latin class,
The teacher gave him—Extra Homework!

Sabina—"Don Quixote started out one night really early in the morning."

Miss Clark, (in shorthand)—"Stanley, will you please take your gum, go to the board and put it in the basket as you go by?"

Stanley—"What, the board?"

PURPLE AND WHITE

You may wash—you may polish,
The Freshies, if you will—
But the deep, brilliant greenness,
Will cling to them still.

Teacher—"Do you know where little boys go who don't put their Sunday School money in the plate?"

Bobby—"Yes", to the movies." (Exchange.)

Miss Pickett in physics—"Matthew, what shape is the earth?"

M. Conley—"Round."

Miss P.—"How do you know?"

M. C.—"All right, its square then, I don't want to start any argument about it.

Man in swimming—"Are you quite sure there are no crocodiles about here? Negro on the shore—"Yess, sah, de sharks done scare 'em all away, sah.

Ford—"Say Barber, will that hair tonic make my head smart?"

Barber—"Impossible, sir".

With apologies to Twenty-third Psalm.

The auto is my means of travel. I shall not want. It maketh me to lie down in muddy roads, it leadeth me into much trouble. It restoreth not my purse. I go into the paths of debt for its sake. Yea, though I understand my auto perfectly, I fear much evil, for the radius rod of the axle might break. It has a blow-out in the presence of mine enemies. I anoint the tire with a patch; the radiator boileth over. Surely this thing will not follow me all the days of my life, or I will dwell in the house of poverty forever.

PERSONNEL OF FACULTY

Mr. Mower—"Stop your gossiping, there!"

Miss Clark—"I never get angry."

Mrs. Burch—"There are some things Seniors, at least, should not have to be told."

Miss Pickett—"You are not making recommendation grades."

Mr. Kahl—"Keep your work up to date."

Miss Reeve—"Leave the room!"

Mr. Harvey—"I'm not scolding you, remember!"

Ruth Williams—"I heard they couldn't have the circus today."

Artye—"Why?"

Ruth—"Because an elephant swallowed the coffee pot and they didn't have any grounds."

Rey M.—"Would you scream for help if I should kiss you?"

Artye G.—(shyly)—"Do you think you would need it?"

E. Raburn (busily whispering but suddenly catching Mr. Mower watching her)—"Gee, Grace, Mr. Mower will can you and me."

Grace—"Then he'd have canned peaches."

PURPLE AND WHITE

DAFFODILS

If Veryl is coal, is Ruth Wood?
If Maude is early, is Clara Late?
If Effie is necklace, is Lucille A. Ring?
If Frieda is blacking, is Dot Whiting?
If Carl has cast his vote, did Clinton Kast?
If Vera got lost, would Florence Hunter?
If Irvin is the deck, is Agnes Helm?
If Barbara is a padlock, is Alpha Keys?
If Miss Reeve were home would George Kahl?
If Allen is an American is Charlie A. Moore?
If Maude Rea were an unknown, would she be an X-Rea?
If Stanley works hard, will Anna Shirk?"

Mr. Kahl—(to Miss Meilike who was almost asleep in the rear of the room)
"Look up all you can on St. Francis af Assisi. 'Do you hear me?'

Miss M.—"Yes sir."

Mr. K.—"What did I say?"

Miss M.—"You said, Look up all you can on St. Francis a sneezing."

Mr. Kahl in Hist. III, after eyeing Isabel Barcroft quite suspiciously,—
"Are you eating nuts, Miss Barcroft?"

I. B.—"No sir, I'm just cracking them."

Mr. Kahl in Hist. II.—"Have you any current events?"

Sombre Soph.—"Yes! The Kaiser had a very serious dental operation the other day.

Kahl—"How was that?"

S. Soph.—"The Belgians blew a bridge off his upper teeth.

"Things that have no beginning"

1. Douglas Houston's queening abilities.
2. Success of boy's basket ball teams.
3. Cornelius Layman's role of soloist.

Things that have no ending.

1. David Barcroft's bluffing.
2. Matthew Conley's speeches in Student Body.
3. Lessons assigned by Miss Clark.
4. Some chemistry experiments.
5. Effie Raburn's giggling.

"Things that have neither beginning nor end"

1. The "Seniors" reputation.
2. Mr. Mower's talks in Study Hall.
3. Stanley's trips up and down the stairs.

Miss Clark (U. S. History)—"Describe the anaconda policy of the civil war, Florence".

Florence (excitedly)—"O, the union army squeezed the Confederates."

Mrs. Burch—"Give the principal parts of amo (love)."

Pupil—"Haven't got to that yet".

Mrs. Burch—"Well, that's all right, you'll get to that soon enough."

PURPLE AND WHITE

Here, Fido!

Don (to street car conductor)—“Do you allow dogs on this car?”

Conductor—“No, but if you lie down and be quiet, nobody will notice you.”

Mrs. Burch—“Effie, what is that on your chin?”

Effie—“I don't know, I can't see it.”

SHE KNOWS

“If information is desired as to what takes place when phosphorus is put into boiling water—ask Lucille!”

ACROBATIC

Mr. Mower—“Master Ford, the light is bad in here, will you run up the curtain?”

Stanley—“Sorry to disoblige you, but I'm no acrobat.”

Peggy—(explaining about the choosing of a jury) “Oh, the judge selects them and the clerk pulls them out of the box!”

It had been a heated discussion, but it wound up with a laugh, when in answer to a statement made by one of the group, Mr. Sure-of-it retorted decidedly, “But it is true, for all that, that that that that that man used was not an adverb.”

Said H2B, “I cannot C,
Why I should get a 4,”
“O, G!” said B, “You get a 4,
Because there is no lower.”

Miss Reeve—“Is this your mother's signature?”

Rich—“As near as I could copy it.”

When all earthly things have faded,
Have withered and passed away,
Miss Reeve's smile shall stay with us
Forever and a day.

Are you Hungary,
Yes, Siam.
Well, I'll Fiji.

Miss Clark—“Was Lincoln a martyr president?”

Lucille—“He sure was after that Junior program we had.”

If a body, meet a body,
Comin' through the hall,
Need a body, trip a body
And make a body fall?

When is mischief not mischief?
When committed by a Senior.

PURPLE AND WHITE

Miss Pickett in Chemistry—"Leslie, what is an atom?"
Leslie (speaking very rapidly)—"An atom is a little piece of a little piece of the smallest thing which can't be reduced any smaller and—
Miss Pickett—"That will do."

Miss Reeve—"Douglas, why do we have examinations?"
Douglas—"To relieve us of fat, sleep, and conceit."

Miss Clark (U. S. Hist.)—"Charles, what did Magellan do?"
Charles—"Oh! he sailed around something, have forgotten what it was, though."

A SENIOR SAID IT

Frieda—"When are examinations easiest?"
Florence—"Don't know—When?"
Frieda—"When you don't have to take them."

THE SECOND PERSON, SINGULAR

Amo, I love; amas, you love;
Amat, he loves; it goes;
'Tis you I love, and you he loves,
But which you love—who knows?

Grace, giving report in U. S. History—"Francis followed the Mississippi river into Montana."

Miss Clark, in U. S. Hist. during test—"People had a hard time finding just where to place the 'Pure Food Law in the Constitution."
Voice from the rear—"So'm I!"

Little Clarence—"Pa, that man can't hear it thunder."
Mr. Callipers—"Is he deaf?"
Clarence—"No, Sir, It isn't thundering."

A RECEIPT FOR IMMORTALITY

Pat and Mike were watching a funeral. As the procession filed past, Pat suddenly remarked, "Mike, I'd give five hundred dollars to know where I'm going to die."

"Well, Pat, what good would that do if yez knew?"
"Lots", said Pat, "sure and I'd never go near that place."

Mike applied at the quarry for a job. The foreman was short handed and so asked hopefully, "Are you a driller?"

Yes," replied Pat.

He was at once put in charge of a compressed air drill, but in a very short time the machine refused to work.

"Say, where did you learn drilling?" demanded the foreman.
"Sure", answered Pat, "In the army of course."

Fifty little Freshies, all in a row,
Who, at every question, say meekly, "I don't know."

PURPLE AND WHITE

Clara Late (looking at picture of Queen Elizabeth)—“Is that Sir Galahad?”
Hazel Appling—“Why no child, that’s President Wilson.”

Peggie Murray (translating Vergil)—“She suspended her beau (bow) from her shoulder.”

Mr. Kahl (entering room unexpectedly)—“How is it that I find this room in such disorder?”

Obliging Student—“I don’t know Mr. Kahl, unless it’s on account of those rubber heels you are wearing.”

Prof. Kahl (in ancient History)—“The brave Spartans never left the battlefield until the last man was killed.”

Miss Reeve to Class—“You can’t add a chicken and a rabbit to anything can you?”

Lawrence Fortune—“Yes mam.”

Miss Reeve—“What?”

Lawrence—“To a hobo stew.”

I stood upon the mountains,
I gazed upon the plain,
I saw a lot of green stuff
That looked like waving grain;
I took another look at it,
I thought it must be grass,
But goodness! to my horror,
It was the Freshmen Class.

Donald—Does your mother object to kissing?”

Lena—“I don’t know, but I’ll ask her if you want to kiss her.”

Douglas Houston—“Don’t talk to me about ducks, I killed about seventeen Saturday.”

Francis Blowers—“What! were they wild?”

Douglas H.—“No, but the man who owned them was wild when I left.”

“If I should kiss you,” asked Willie, “would you call your parents?”

“Well,” said Maurine, “It wouldn’t be necessary for you to kiss the whole family.”

Stanley F.—“Why are bad eggs like bad news?”

McKenzie—“Why?”

Stanley—Both should be broken gently.”

Mr. Kahl (in German III)—“Please give me the form for ‘you’ ”.

All the common forms were given, but Mr. Kahl, wishing the polite form, asked what form in German she would use if she were to address him.

Joe—“I would say ‘dir’ (Dear).”

A lady at the hose counter. “Yes, I want to see some ladies’ hose, No. 9.

Mr. B.—“Black?”

Lady—“Yes.”

Mr. B.—“Alright, let’s see; black ladies’ silk hose, No. 9.”

Lady—(indignantly) “No, Ladies’ black silk hose, No. 9.

PURPLE AND WHITE

Miss Reeve (in study hall)—“Effie, you may leave the hall.”

Effie R.—“Certainly, Miss Reeve, I don’t want to take it with me.”

CLASSIFIED ADDS.

For Sale—A large quantity of sarcasm. Apply to Hazel Appling for the above mentioned.

For Sale—My book entitled “How to Control all School Activities.” Clifford Goodrich.

Wanted—A supply of cheap chewing gum. Stanley Ford.

For Sale—My musical voice. Dave Barcroft.

Wanted—An antidote for my giggles. Rusty Raburn.

Donald Leidig—Expert sign painter and side walk decorator.

Lost—Pet dog answers to the name of Preston. Finder please return the same to Lena Northern.

Wanted—Some one to compete with Donald and Artye in the giggling race, which is practiced while they are practicing for the play.

For Sale—Book entitled “Secret Code for Private Correspondence”. Mick-el and Stevens.

Wanted badly—Rubber heels. Robert Butler.

DAFFODILS

If the fire alarm sounded, would Effie Ra-burn?

If Veryl is Early, is Clara Late?

If Grace is wrong, is Muriel Wright?

If soot is blacking, is Dot Whiting?

If the Freshies are green, is Gertie Brown?

If Viola is trivial, is Mary Petty?

If Agnes is a maid, is Bobbie A. Butler?

If school is a cloud, is Maude A. Rea?

If Ethel is Southern, who is Northern?

If Lena is “Billy,” is Artye, Gordon?

If it were voting time, would Clinton Kast?

If Gladys is good to eat, is Hazel Apple-Pie?

If Coal is black, is Ruth Wood?

If Kenneth’s poor, is Ralph Rich?

Miss Anderson (speaking of Prof. Pasteur in Domestic Science)—“I think his picture is in here, would you like to see it?”

Maude (absent mindedly)—“Oh! I’d love to have it.”

The physics class was studying sounds, when Miss Pickett asked Matthew to give her the sound “do”. Then she turned to Pauline.

“Pauline, you may give me ‘ra’ ” (Ray?)

“Casy,” said Pat, “how do yez tell th’ age of a tur-u-rkey?”

“Oi can always tell by the teeth,” said Casey.

“By the teeth,” exclaimed Pat, “but a turkey has no teeth.”

“No”, admitted Casey, “but Oi have.”

Little Willie—“Papa, I was awake last Christmas night when Santa Claus came into the room”.

“Yes?” said Papa—“What did he look like?”

Willie—“Oh, I don’t know but he ran into the wash stand and said—”

Papa, hastily—“That’s all right, Willie, run out and play.”

PURPLE AND WHITE

SEW IT SEEMS

"When does a man become a seamstress?"

"When he hems and haws?"

"No."

"When he threads his way?"

"No."

"When he rips and tears?"

"No."

"Give it up."

"Never, if he can help it!"

CAN YOU IMAGINE—??

Mr. Mower with little feet
Miss Eva Reeve not looking neat,
Miss Hazel Clark with the blues,
Mr. Kahl without new shoes,
Clinton Kast doing a dance,
Allan Quigley with long pants,
Effie Raburn without red hair,
The Trinidades doing the grizzly bear.
Douglas Houston with a coat,
Irving Helm springing a joke,
David Barcroft not in trouble,
Stella Siegman without her double.
Matthew Conley lending a nickel,
Mary Petty growing fickle,
Charles Moore smoking a cigar,
Hague Maloyan keeping mum,
Stanley Ford without his gum.

"ONE EVENING"

A Novel in 4 Chapters.

Chapter I.

Outside the moon is balking,
Inside two hearts are talking,
Upstairs pa-pa is stalking
T'is just eleven.

Chapter II.

Outside the moon is mooning,
Inside the pair are spooning
Upstairs pa-pa is fuming
And crying to Heaven.

Chapter III.

Outside the moon is missing
Inside the two are kissing,
Upstairs pa-pa is hissing,
"He's got to go."

Chapter IV.

Outside the dew is falling,

PURPLE AND WHITE

Outside the youth is sprawling,
Inside pa-pa is bawling,
 "I've broke my toe!!"

PARADISE

A shady room,
An open fire,
A cozy nook,
And your heart's desire

PURGATORY

The self same room ,
With fights a few,
The self same nook,
And ma there too.

Lena made an angel cake,
For her darling Preston's sake,
Preston ate it, every crumb,
Then he heard the angel's drum,
Calling softly—"Preston come!"

VALUABLE ADVICE

Said a Senior to a Freshman
On the first day of High School,
There's some knowledge I must give
 you
Which, to be without is cruel.
Said the Senior to the Freshman,
For three years I've labored here,
And I've gained the heights of
 knowledge
Experience's harvest dear.
'Tis said one learns by one's mistakes,
In this old world of strife,
So I know the ways and wherefores,
Of a successful student's life.
Note well, my tiny Freshman,
The advice which I now give,
If you'd tread the path of sunshine,
And a peaceful life you'd live,
First and foremost—love your teacher!
Follow humbly in their train,
This will make them feel that you
Appreciate their massive brain.
Obey their little whims and fancies,
All genius is that way, you know,
And when you feel a call to anger,
Ponder first—and then go slow!
For you see you must exhibit,
How much self control you own.
When lessons given you are tedious
Do them!—spare your moans and
 groans
Always laugh when you're supposed to,

PURPLE AND WHITE

Whether you're amused or not,
Just to show them what an educated
Vein of humor you have got.
Do not bluff—they'll always know it
Soon or later if you do,
A discovery of this trickery
Will be sure to trouble you.
Never giggle in a class room,
Lest it show a lack of sense,
And so grate on teacher's dignity
As to make her take offense.
Always aim to know your lessons,
Know that this is Duty's call,
And believe your teacher's story
Of perfection when as small.
Never cram for examinations
Do your lessons all along
For knowledge crammed, departs like music
From some illusive, haunting song.
So live thy High School years, wee Freshman,
That when thy summons comes to join
The caravan of sage Alumni
That you, too, may sing a song
Of good advice to other Freshmen,
Who behind you come along.
And let the lives of us brave Seniors
Remind you how to form a name
Which, departing, leaves behind you,
Glory, loyalty, and fame!

IT SOUNDED THAT WAY

"Tommy," said the mother to her small son coming downstairs, "did you take
a bath?"

"No, ma, "I didn't, was the innocent answer, "why, is one missing?"

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF——

Effie should stop wearing green.
Rosa should stop smiling.
Grace Phillips should get the giggles.
Dave should stop bluffing.
Mr. Kahl should stop blushing.
Matthew should stop talking to the girls.
Cornelius should get a girl.
The chemistry class should get good results.
Stanley should loose his gum.
Leslie Stevens should learn his part in the play.
If Peggy and Grace never studied their Latin lesson.
Lena and Artye should stop talking in the study period.

A SPORTING PROPOSITION

It Will Taft's son would row Woodrow
Would Woodrow row Will's son?
And what would Woodrow Wilson owe
Will's son if Will's son won?

PURPLE AND WHITE

VERY SENSIBLE

Lena and Ethel met one day and were discussing the usual thing.

"Trueman is spending the winter in the South," said Ethel, "and he has just sent me the dearest little alligator you ever saw."

"How lovely," replied Lena, "but where are you going to keep him?"

"I scarcely know," said Ethel, "but I've put him in Florida water until I hear from Trueman."

Bontany Teacher—"What is peculiar about flowers?"

Pupil—"They shoot before they have pestsils."

Matthew—"I can go with any girl I please."

H. A.—"Yes, but do you please any?"

JUST FACT

A slight forgetfulness in class,
A blush that to the cheek doth stay,
A diamond ring upon the hand—
Another teacher gone away.

SHE WAS IN

"Is Mrs. De Brick in?" exclaimed the visitor, calling at the London home of the suffragette leader.

"Ye, Mum," said Norah, "She's in for six months, mum."

"Yes, kiss is a noun." Explained Jack, "I allow
But common or proper? Come answer me now."

Too easy a question a second to stop her,

"Why a kiss," replied Madge, "is both common and proper."

Stuart—"They tell me your hair is dyed."

Bea H.—"'Tis false."

Stuart—"That's what I told them."

Book Agent, of Senior—"Is Mr. Mower in?"

Senior—"No, he's out after his dinner."

Agent—"Will he be in after his dinner?"

Senior—"No, thats what he went out after."

A school paper is a great invention,
The school gets all the fame,
The printer gets the money,
And the editor—the blame.

Florence (U. S. Hist.) "The king, he—"

Miss Clark—"Don't say the king he—"

Florence—"The King, she—"

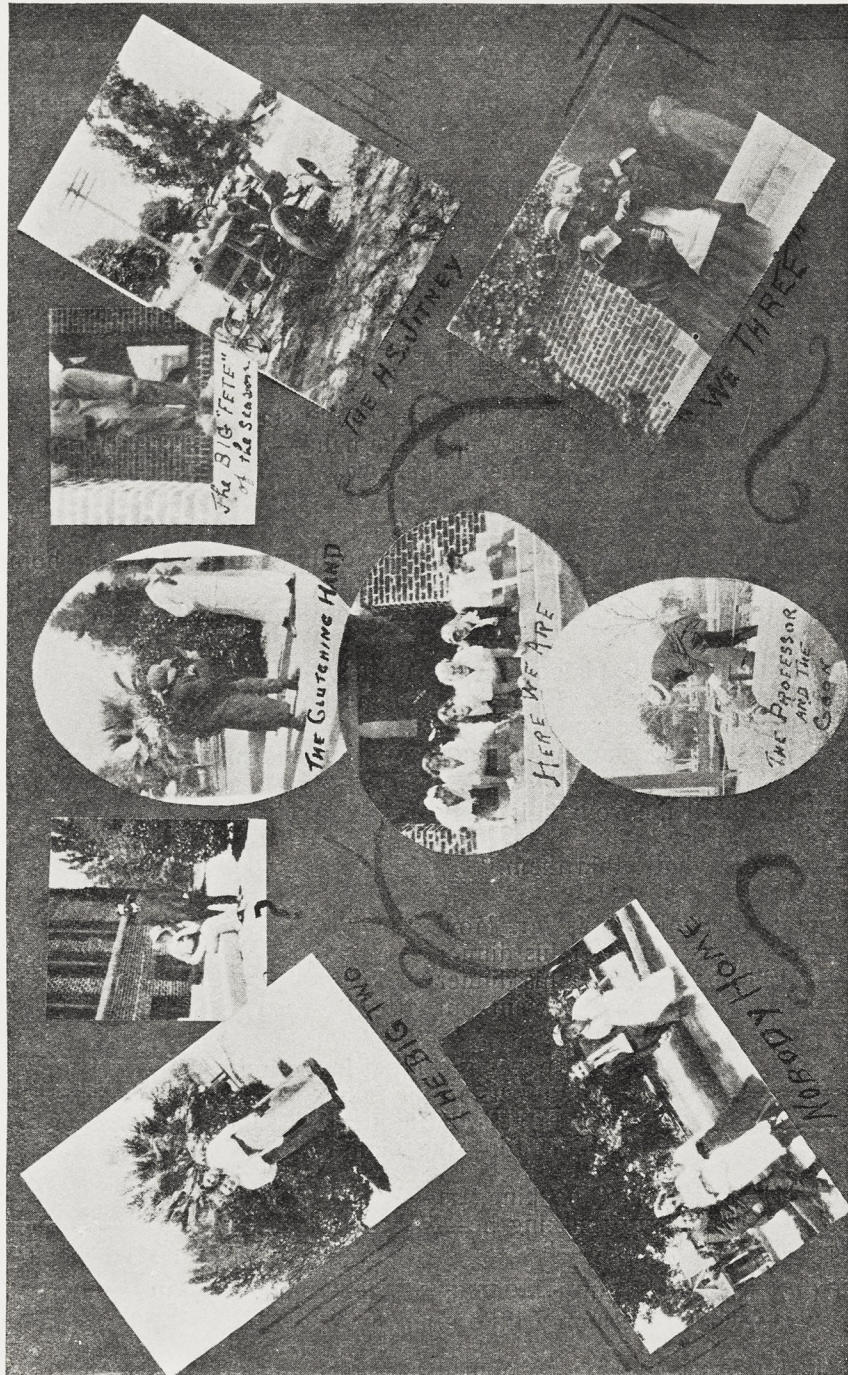
One of the girls during music—"Gracious, it is hot in here!"

Mr. Harvey—"Can't we hum a little air?"

Leslie (In English I A) How did Gurth get to the castle?"

Miss Clark—"Let us suppose he walked, do you suppose he took a street car?"

PURPLE AND WHITE



PURPLE AND WHITE

Edmond D. (In the rear of the room)—“No, I think he took a Jitney bus.”

Chemistry) Rey—“What’s you doin, Bill, washing your dishes?”

Bill (disgustedly “O, no I’m frying potatoes in the State Legislature!”

IN CHEMISTRY III.

Wm. Mickel—“Say, Loops we study iron next.”

L. R.—“Yes, I bet it is hard don’t you?”

E. R.—“It sounds that way.”

Miss Pickett—“Frieda, will you step across the Assembly Hall and get some chalk?”

Some Step!

His face was shining with rapture,
His grin spread—a huge caress
And he loudly said at the top of his voice—
“The paper’s gone to Press!”
WHO WAS IT? —THE JOSH EDITOR!



The End

Fellow Students! ! !

BEAR THIS IN MIND:

THE FIRMS MENTIONED BELOW THRU THEIR LOYALTY AND PROGRESSIVENESS, HAVE ENABLED US TO PUBLISH THIS ISSUE OF THE PURPLE AND WHITE, AND, THEREFORE, THEY ARE WORTHY OF THE PATRONAGE OF YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS:—

Madera Opera House
Moore Plate Co.
Madera Abstract Co.
Chowchilla Bank
A. J. Wood
Cash Grocery Store
White House
Brammer Shoe Store
Whermann & Meilike
Madera Meat Market
Dr. W. C. Ried, Jr.
Walling Stage Line
A. F. Belcher
J. Huddleson
Rosenthal-Kutner Co.
C. A. Dougherty
Alta Hotel
Fred Barcroft
Boyd Studio
Dr. Ransom
Dr. Sarll
H. L. Crow
A. J. Etter
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Madera Sugar Pine Co.
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Madera Rochdale
Madera Chamber of Commerce
Golden Rule Store
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Dr. Danielson
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A. E. Shedd
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Dr. Rinker
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J. G. Simon
Chas. Wood
First National Bank
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J. A. Dyer
Brammer & Price
Henry Lecussan
Peoples Ice Co.
Madera Cyclery
Ballard & Nelson
Mrs. Chambers
Commercial Bank
Madera Mercury
Foster & Stahl
John B. Williams
Dr. Wing
Morrill Realty Co.
Yosemite Hotel
W. H. Larew
Dr. Burch
Mack's Sanitary Kitchen
Christian Endeavor
Frederick Elliott
Hill & Co.
Southern Hotel
Sierra Creamery
Thurman Manufacturing Co.
Rosedale Rooms
Dr. L. St. John Hely
Francis Fee
Harry I. Maxim
D. Barcroft & S. Ford
Christmas & Orvis
Shedd & Davis
Dworack Hotel
Steam Laundry
Geo. Raburn
Madera Gas Co.
R. C. Jay

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Moore-Plate Company

—SELLS FIRST-CLASS—

Groceries, Hardware, Paints & Oils

GRAFF'S BREAD AND CAKE

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ABSTRACT CO'S. BUILDING
MADERA, CAL.

Makes Abstracts and Certificates
of Title to All Madera County
Lands

IF YOU BUY LAND—SEE US!

W. D. Cardwell, Pres.
Ella L. Brown, Vice-Pres.
A. L. Bambrill, Cashier
E. S. Cardwell, Asst. Cash.

Bank of Chowchilla

A PROGRESSIVE BANK IN A
PROGRESSIVE TOWN

A. J. WOOD & COMPANY

Berenda, California

—Dealers in—

General Merchandise

Also HARDWARE, PAINTS, OILS,
HARNESS & SADDLERY
Feed and Fuel

In Fact ANYTHING in our Store

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J. W. ANDERSON, Prop.



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Have the Newest Creations in

DRY GOODS, LADIES'
and

CHILDREN'S WEAR

—At LOWEST Prices—



Madera Opera House



QUALITY PICTURE PLAYS

The World's Greatest
Plays
—
The World's Greatest
Stars

*THE PLACE WHERE
EVERYBODY GOES*





STYLES

OF THE TIMES
AS WELL AS VAL-
UE ARE TWO REA-
SONS WHY OUR
STORE IS ALWAYS
SO POPULAR—



A NEW ONE IN BLACK
AND TAN, With and
without Cloth Tops—

Price \$3.50 to \$6.00

Footwear is Women's
Crowning Glory.

WE HAVE THEM



Brammer's Shoe Store

ONLY EXCLUSIVE SHOE STORE IN MADERA

WEHRMANN & MEILIKE



.....Dealers in.....

GROCERIES—
CROCKERY—
GLASSWARE—
HARDWARE—

HAY and GRAIN

Breads Cakes, Pies, Etc.

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—A Complete Assortment in our—

DELICATESSEN



Madera Meat Market

O. V. HICKS, Proprietor

UP-TO-DATE

QUICK SERVICE

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Phone: 45-W

Hours: 9 to 5

DR. W. C. REID, JR.
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Lacy Robertson Bldg.
Yosemite Ave., and D St.
MADERA, CAL.

Jimmie—"Everyone in our family is
some kind of an animal."

Neighbor—"How's that?"

Jimmie—"Well! Mother's a dear,
the baby is mother's little lamb,
I'm the kid, and Pa's the goat."

A DEFINITION

A Smile—The lighting system of the
face and the heating system of
the heart.

Wallings' Auto Stage Line

—SOLICITS YOUR PATRONAGE—

Five Round Trips Daily
Five Round Trips Daily
Five Round Trips Daily

Five Round Trips Daily
Five Round Trips Daily
Five Round Trips Daily

Our Slogan:

"WHERE SERVICE WARRANTS, PATRONIZE HOME PEOPLE."

BELCHER
TRANSFER CO.
Moves Everything

PHONE 162W

Office:
Trustee Bld'g.

"Father", asked the studious lad,
"was it Patrick Henry who
said: LET US HAVE PEACE!"

"No my lad," quoth Mr. Maloney,
"no man by the name of Patrick
ever said that."

She—"Would you love me if father
should lose his wealth?"

He—"He hasn't lost it has he?"

She—"No."

He—"Of course I would, you silly,
girl!"

TRADE WITH

Rosenthal-Kutner Co
MADERA · CAL ·
The House that saves you money

Universal Providers

C. A. Dougherty

THE BEST STORE IN NORTH-
ERN MADERA COUNTY TO
TRADE

ooooOoooo

GROCERIES—DRY GOODS
SHOES

ooooOoooo

CHOWCHILLA - - CAL.

"Well, well, what are you working
on now," said an officious ac-
quaintance of Luther Burbank.
"Trying to cross a milkweed and an
eggplant," replied Burbank.
"What under heaven do you expect
to be the result of that?"
"Custard pie."

"Mamma", complained little Elsie,
"I don't feel well."

"That's too bad" answered the
mother, "where do you feel
worst."

"In school, mamma."

ALTA HOTEL

IT SERVES YOU RIGHT

The Hotel With Individuality
JOHN CONLEY, Prop.

|||||

FIRST CLASS DINING ROOM

Esther Connelly.....Mrs. G. Smith

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HARDWARE, PLUMBING,
TINNING, AND MACHINE
WORK

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BOYD STUDIO

Corner 5th and I Sts.

CONSTANT INCREASE OF BUSINESS, PROVES OUR
WORK IS MEETING WITH THE HIGHEST APPROVAL.
MOST, IF NOT ALL OF THE PHOTOS IN THIS "PURPLE
AND WHITE" REPRESENT THE **BOYD STUDIO** : : : :

We expect to replace our present tent with an Up-to-Date little Studio
Within the next Thirty Days.

Bring us your Kodak Pictures and Have Them Finished Right

Office 58—PHONES—Residence 72

DOW H. RANSOM, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon

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OFFICE HOURS

9 to 12 M.,
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All Kinds of Cement Work

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GROCERIES
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and
AGATEWARE

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MADERA COUNTY

IS THE HOME OF ALFALFA

There is HEALTH in the CLIMATE
There is WEALTH in the SOIL

300,000 Acres of the BEST Land
in California for the
Homeseeker

*An Opportunity For
Everyone*

IN ALFALFA, AND DAIRYING
PEACHES, APRICOTS, RAIS-
INS, FIGS and OLIVES

The Center of

The

Wonderful

San Joaquin

Valley



The Heart

of

California

**COME---You Will
Want to Stay**

Fewer People Have Left Madera
County in the Last Twenty Years
in Proportion to the Population
Than Have Left any Other Coun-
ty in California : : : :

W H Y ?

—Because it is a—

GOOD PLACE TO LIVE

IF YOU WANT TO LEARN MORE OF THIS LAND OF HAPPY HOMES AND GOLDEN OPPORTUNITIES,
WRITE FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET TO

MADERA COUNTY CHAMBER of COMMERCE

MADERA, CALIFORNIA

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Prices Reasonable—Give Us A
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"REGALS" A SPECIALTY

NOTE—No Fords and No Credit
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We build houses to be paid for
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Shedd & Davis

GRAIN DEALERS—

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COOLEST ROOMS IN TOWN

All Outside Rooms

A GOOD PLACE TO REST

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Yosemite Avenue : : : : West of Depot

BOYS:

HAVE YOUR SHIRTS AND
COLLARS DONE BY

Madera Steam Laundry

Mr. Manley—"Well, my dear, I've
had my life insured for \$5000."

Mrs. Manley—"How very consider-
ate of you! Now I shan't have
to keep telling you to be care-
ful every place you go."

Judge—"What is the charge against
this man?"

"Dressing up in woman's clothes
your honor."

Judge—"Discharged! He's been
punished enough."

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DAILY TRIBUNE—

\$4.00 Per Year

WEEKLY TRIBUNE—

\$1.50 Per Year

The Tribune

Daily and Weekly

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**Leading Paper of Madera County
Largest Circulation**

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OF TYPE : : : : : : : :

*Printing that Pleases
Advertising that Brings Results*



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**SHEET METAL WORKS—PUMPS AND WINDMILLS
SANITARY PLUMBING**

AGENT FOR—

Furnaces for House Heating, Plumbing Fixtures, Foos Gas
Engines, Sampson Windmills, Meyers and Hoosier Pumps,
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218 Yosemite Ave.
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MEET ME AT—MEET ME AT

Ballard & Nelson's
POOL AND BILLIARD PARLOR

—They have a fine line of—
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MEET ME AT—MEET ME AT

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**BICYCLE AND MOTORCYCLE
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Agent for Excelsior and Indian
Motorcycles

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Madera's Exclusive Candy Shop
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An unlimited supply of Novelties,
Postals and Stationery—The .
latest and best in Correspondence
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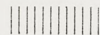
BEST NEWS AND CARRIER SER-
Best News and Carrier Service in
the San Joaquin Valley

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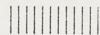
A resting place for all tired
Shoppers

PRECIADO'S ICE CREAM and
ICE CREAM SODAS

Delightfully Good and Daintily
Served



Here is a Resting Place for all
Tired Shoppers : : : : :



"PURPLE AND WHITE" CON-
TRIBUTORS APPRECIATE OUR
SERVICE IN ALL DEPARTMENTS.

Phone 14.

Madera Hardware Co.

oOo

HARDWARE
FARM IMPLEMENTS
Guns, Ammunition, Sporting Goods

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South D Street - - Madera, Cal.
MADERA - - - CALIF.

Customer—"See here waiter, there
is a piece of wood in my saus-
age. Now I don't mind eating
the dog, but I'll be hanged if I'll
eat the kennel too!"

Two boys' were bragging about their
strength.

One said, "Why every morning I
take a bucket to the well and
pull up ninety gallons of
water."

"That's nothing," replied the other,
"I take my row boat out every
morning and pull up the river."

We Have Them : : : : :

GROCERIES
PROVISIONS
HARDWARE

PAINTS, HAY
GRAIN, WOOD
AND COAL

At the **LOWEST** Prices and Our Service is the **BEST**

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Office First National Madera,
Bank Building Calif.

Notary Public

W. H. LAREW
ATTORNEY AT LAW

Madera - - - - California

Newlywed—"My angel, I wish you wouldn't paint."

Mrs. Newlywed—"Now, Jack, have you ever seen an angel that wasn't painted,"

"Which side of the house do you think baby resembles most?" proudly asked the young father.

"Well-h'm!" answered Mr. Smith, "I can't see that he resembles either **side** of the house!"

Auto Stage leaves daily for Yosemite Valley and Mariposa Big Trees

Yosemite Hotel

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SAMPLE ROOMS PHONE 24
MADERA - - - CALIFORNIA

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MORRILL REALTY CO.

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Residence 68—PHONES—Office 166J

Office Hours, 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.
Sunday: 9 A. M. to 12 M.

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SURGEON DENTIST

Over Corner Drug Store

MADERA - - - CALIFORNIA

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&
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Real Estate & Insurance

J. L. BUTIN, President
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H. G. JOHNSON, Ass't Cash.

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Transacts a Commercial and Savings business. Our Savings Department is under United States Supervision. 4 Per Cent. paid on savings deposits; interest compounded June and December. **Your Business Solicited**

Safe Deposit Boxes at Reasonable Rates

Madera Auto Exp.

CHAS. WOODS, Prop.

Leave Orders at Murphy Bros.
Cigar Store or

162W—PHONE—204W

Madera - - - California

"What?" exclaimed the motorist, who had run over a farmer's toe, "you want \$500 for a crushed foot? Nonsense! I'm no millionaire."

"Perhaps not," cried the suffering farmer, "but I'm no centipede either."

T. G. SIMON--Custom Tailor

High Class Custom Tailoring for Men. Expert Cleaning and Pressing of both Men's and Women's Garments. Altering and Repairing Apparel that Does not Fit Properly.

If you want Clothes that Fit Perfectly—Clothes in the very latest styles—designed for YOU, see me.

I guarantee to please you and I will not ask you a very high price for my superior work. In fact, I am charging less than you have been in the habit of paying.

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will never be cheaper and will probably go higher. We have a very
good grade at \$15.00 Per Thousand—Better grades at slight
advances

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Madera Sugar Pine Company

E. H. COX, Manager

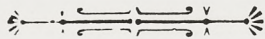
Drink—And the World Drinks With You

FOUNTAIN DELICACIES SERVED WITH RARE PERFECTION

Our Famous Ice Cream Sodas and Sundaes

They're the talk of the town—Our Famous Ice Cream Sodas and
Sundaes, and why shouldn't they be? We make them so extremely good.
Serving them just as you like them—in order to appeal directly to your
palate. Your favorite is among our big menu.

Just Try Our Soda and You'll
: : : : COME BACK OFTEN : : : :



GIVE YOUR POCKET BOOK A SHOW

Deal at HUNTER'S

The best goods at the lowest prices and a service thrown in that will
please you. Order your goods of us and you will secure the lowest
prices as well as best drug store merchandise.

Hunter Drug Company

FREE DELIVERY

TELEPHONE 23

THE GOLDEN RULE STORE

5 - 10 - 15c - Etc.

**Hardware, Glassware, Imported and American Decorated China, Tin
and Enamelware, Dry Goods, Notions, Toys and Novelties
Children's Wear**

Post Cards, Candy and Lots of Other Things—Everything Price-Mark-
ed and One Price to All

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J. J. STAPP, Proprietor

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Veterinary Surgeon and Dentist

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Corner F and 7th Streets

Opposite Saunders' Warehouse

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.... Sugar Pine Stage

**Daily Service Except Sunday to All Points Between Madera and
Sugar Pine**



Address all communications regarding Kings River Canyon to us
and avoid unnecessary delay in arranging your Summer Outing.

E. M. Saunders

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SAUNDERS BROS.

—Dealers in—

Grain, Seeds FEED & Rolled Barley

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**..Gentlemen's Suits Made to Order...
Repairing, Cleaning, Pressing**

Satisfaction Guaranteed

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D Street

Madera, Cal.

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Confectionary, Cigars and Tobacco



Stationery and Ice Creams



GEORGE RABURN



Cook With GAS!

MADERA GAS COMPANY

R. C. JAY & ©
Funeral Directors

—AND—

Embalmers

"I must say those are fine biscuits!"
said the young husband.

"How could you say that those were
fine biscuits," inquired the
young bride's mother in a
private conference.

"I didn't say that they were fine. I
merely said that I must say so."

See Us For:

**Tennis Goods
Baseball Supplies
Eastman Kodaks
Ice Cream**

Madera Drug Company

LAWN MOWER GRINDING
and
AUTO REPAIRING

Economy Repair
and

Machine Shop
GENERAL MACHINE WORK
237 South D Street Phone 234

MOTHERS!

**USE
CLOVER LEAF
MILK**

GET THE HABIT!

Carry a Watch that is an Accurate Time-Keeper. WE HAVE THEM
Time received twice daily from the U. S. Radio Station at Mare Island Navy
Yard—Come in and set Your Watch

R. A. BAY

THE JEWELER

111 East Yosemite Ave.
MADERA, CALIF.

Fairmead Co-operative Land & Trust Company



Best Land In San Joaquin Valley



**See Us Before Purchasing Your
Home In California : : : : :**

P. M. STAFFORD

**CIVIL ENGINEER
and
LICENSED SURVEYOR**

Madera - - - - Calif.

A woman met with an accident which concerned escaping gas and a match. When her husband came home and found her in bed as a result he said: "But my dear, you surely should have known that it was unwise to go looking around for escaping gas with a match."

"I did, dear," replied the wife, "But I took a safety match."



**RUNABOUT—\$515
TOURING CAR—\$565
F. O. B. MADERA**

An average cost of two cents a mile provides for operating and maintaining a Ford Car. And "Ford After Service for Ford Owners" assures the continuous use of your car. In every contingency there's a Ford dealer near by, with a complete stock of parts.

Barring the unforeseen, each retail buyer of a new Ford car between August 1914 and August 1915 will receive from \$40 to \$60 as a share of the Ford Motor Company's profits.

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215-217 South D Street

If you want

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TELEPHONE 242

RES. PHONE 243

CHAS. M. BURLEIGH, Agent

Peoples' Ice Company

CALL AT.....

Henry Lecussan's

FOUR CHAIR BARBER SHOP
FOR GOOD TREATMENT



Hot and Cold
BATHS

Yosemite Ave.

If it's Right, We Have It
and
If We Have it, It's Right

Brammer & Price

Furnishings, Hats and CLOTHING
For the Man Who Cares

REAL ESTATE
REAL ESTATE
REAL ESTATE

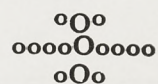
J. A. DYER

GRAIN BUYER
GRAIN BUYER
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Office in Trustee Building

ENCOURAGE

HOME INDUSTRY
By Patronizing Local
Merchants.



Madera Creamery Butter



EVERY SQUARE GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

RETURN ROBERTS, President

J. G. ROBERTS, Cashier

Commercial National Bank
of Madera, and
Madera Savings Bank

AFFILIATED INSTITUTIONS

ooooOoooo

Combined Capital	- -	\$75,000
Surplus and Profits	- -	\$60,000

DIRECTORS:

Return Roberts	-	J. E. Newman
		J. B. High
J. G. Roberts	-	N. Rosenthal

Transacts a General Banking Business
Draws Direct on the Principal Cities
of the World

Accounts of Corporations, Firms and Individuals Solicited

Mrs. Chambers

HAS FLOWERS FOR THE
GRADUATES



Shop Early

"Now," said the doctor, "you take this medicine as I told you and you will sleep like a baby."

The patient surveyed the medicine doubtfully and said, "Well, 'Well, doctor, if you mean like our baby, I guess I won't take it.'"

Rosedale Rooms

—AND—

HOUSEKEEPING APARTMENTS

MRS. MARGARET BERRIER,
Proprietress



Strictly Modern and Up to Date

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Sierra Creamery
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SIERRA BRAND BUTTER

Absolutely Sanitary Cream and Milk
Delivered to all Parts of the City
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DOORS, SPECIAL FRONT
DOORS, WINDOWS AND
SPECIAL SASH, LEADED
GLASS, ETC. . DOOR AND
WINDOW SCREENS - - -
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MILL WORK. TOYS
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PHONE 71

Office Over Corner Drug Store

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The Southern Hotel

Is the Only Workingman's Hotel in Town

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EUROPEAN PLAN AND FAMILY STYLE

All White Help

Prices Right

Beds 25c, 50c, 75c

104 NORTH B STREET

GEO. W. FERRELL, Mgr.

Pumping Plants Installed Complete
—Phone 161J—

Frederick ELLIOTT
IMPLEMENTS & GAS ENGINES

"Anything a Farmer Needs"

Representing—

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Madera, Cal.

Dainty, Seasonable Jewelry,
Watches, Etc. for Graduation
Presents—Everything in the
Sterling Silver Line at : : :

HILL & CO.

"QUALITY JEWELERS"

YOUNG PEOPLE

—YOU ARE—

. . . . WELCOME

—AT THE—

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

EVERY SUNDAY

Oct. 1 to April 1—6:30 p. m. April 1 to Oct. 1—7 p. m.

White Help Only Quick Service

MACK'S

"FOR GOOD EATS"

LUNCH COUNTER

CHOP HOUSE

LADIES' DINING ROOM

A little darkey boy had been arrested and brought into court for the fifth time. He was again charged for stealing chickens. The judge had grown desperate and finally asked the boy's father. "I am tired of seeing your son here, why don't you teach the boy how to act? Show him the right way and he won't be coming here."

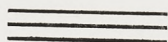
The father answered with a sigh, "I has showed de righ way but he jes don't seem to have no talent fer learnin how, jedge, he always get caught."

PURPLE AND WHITE

The Madera Daily Mercury

The Madera Weekly Mercury

ERNEST N. WHITE, Manager

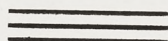


THE MERCURY

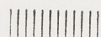
READ BY MORE PEOPLE
THAN ANY OTHER PA-
PER PUBLISHED IN MA-
DERA COUNTY : : : : :

WHY?

BECAUSE IT CONTAINS
THE LOCAL NEWS—THE
NEWS THAT PEOPLE AT
HOME WANT : : : : :
THE MERCURY IS A REAL
HOME NEWSPAPER : : :



Job Department

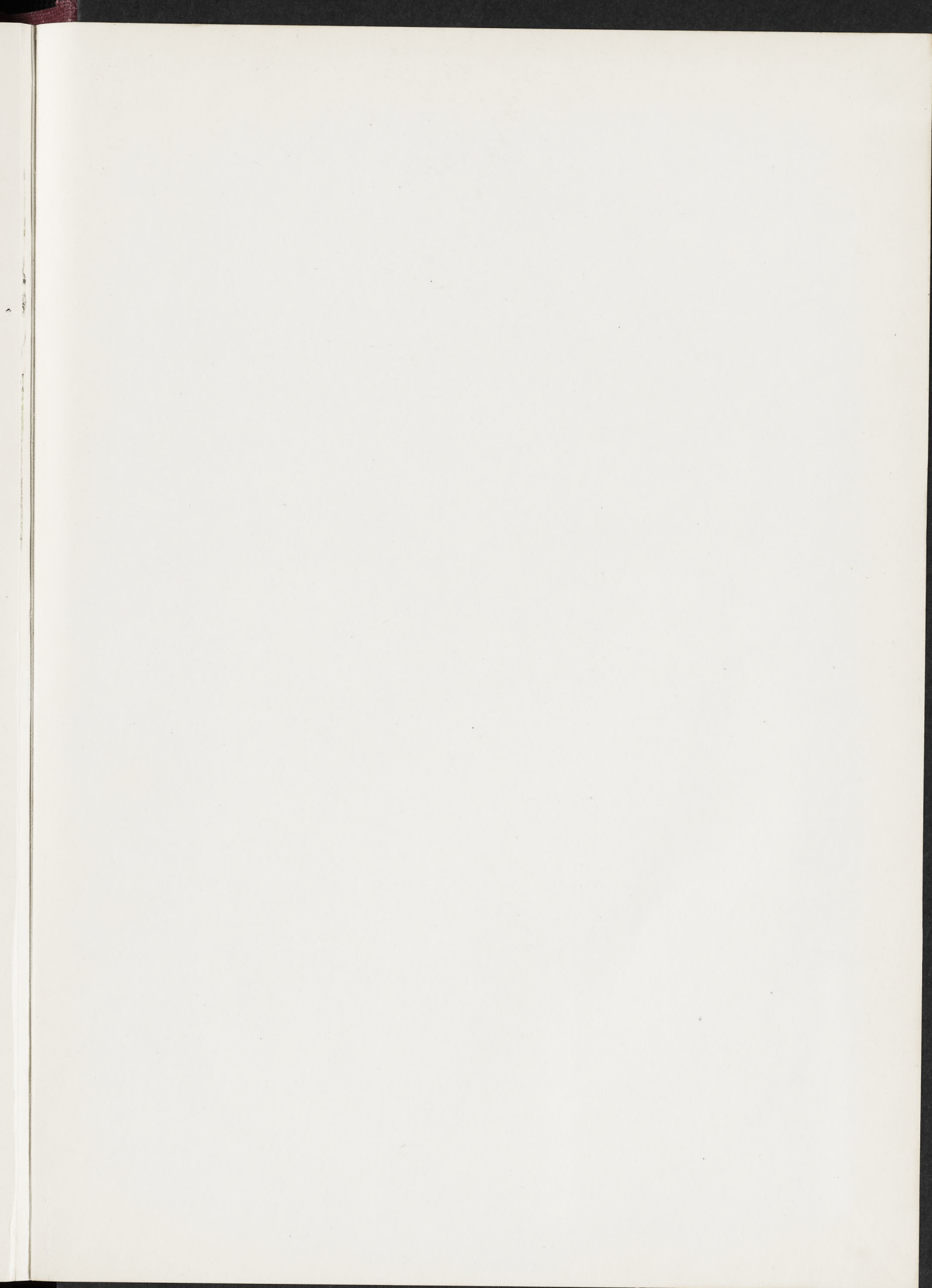


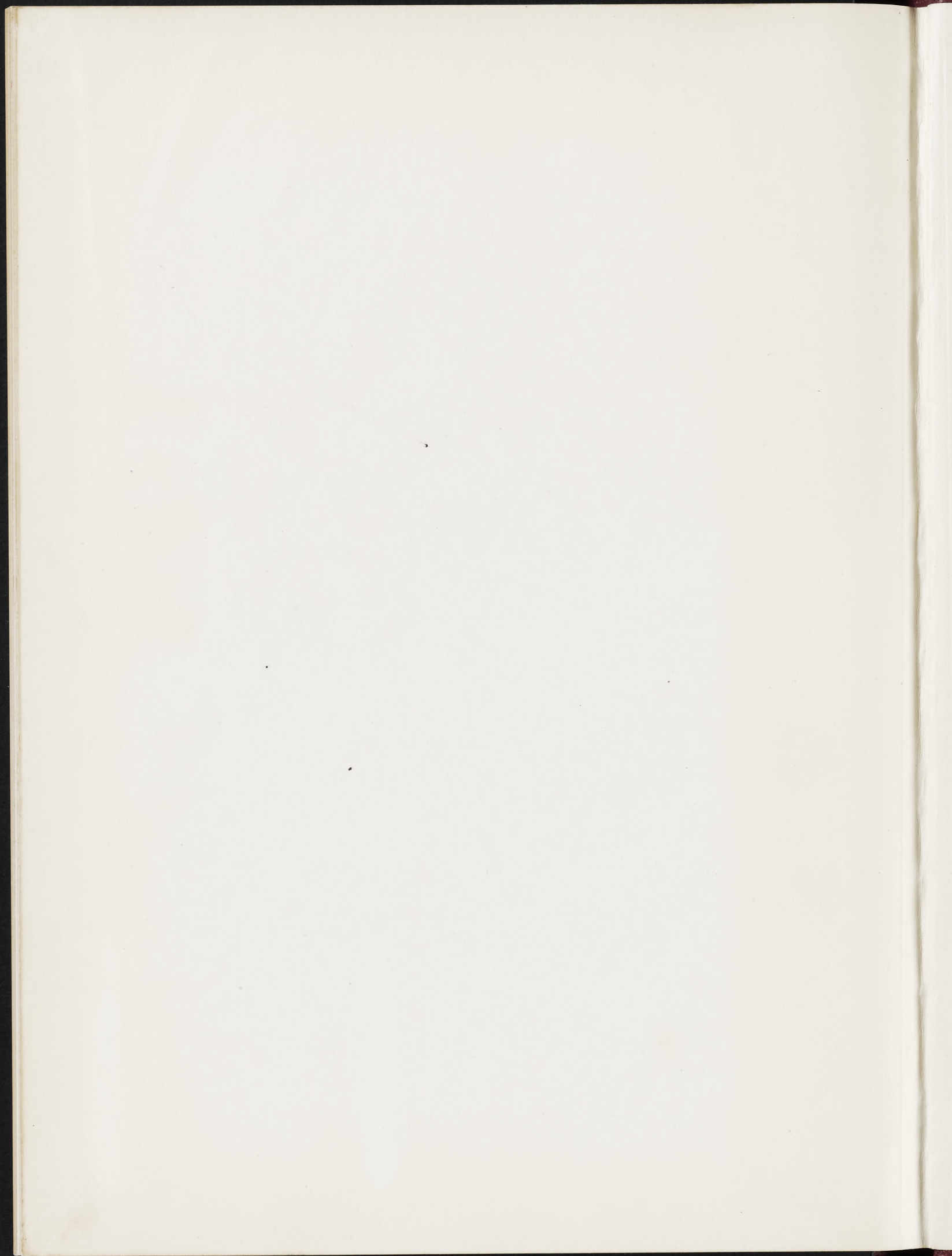
OUR SPECIALTY IS IN
GETTING OUR WORK
OUT ON TIME—THAT
IS ONE REASON THE
“PURPLE AND WHITE”
WAS PRINTED BY THE
MERCURY.

The Very Latest



THE VERY LATEST OF
TYPE FACES AND THE
ORIGINALITY THAT
GOES WITH IT, MAKE
OUR JOB WORK DIS-
TINCTIVE—THE KIND
PEOPLE WANT.





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Union High School.
e and white.

